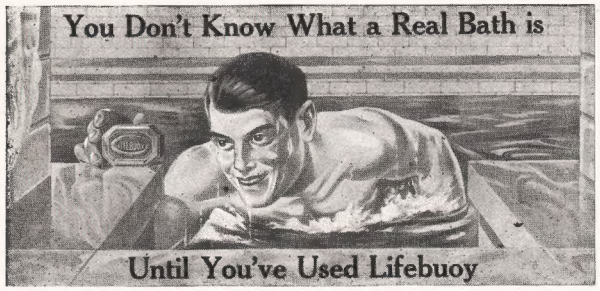
SUNDAY MAGAZINE
Of the BOSTON SUNDAY POST

PART 5 BOSTON, MASS. FEBRUARY 25, 1912 20 PAGES

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES, INCORPORATED.

You Don't Know What a Real Bath is



Until You've Used Lifebuoy

YOU can *feel* it purify, soothe and invigorate—every time it is used—producing a gloriously clear, healthy, wholesome skin.

Bathe with it, shampoo with it, wash your hands with it—*just once—and the Lifebuoy habit has got you.*

tion which it contains *protects* you.

Experience this PROTECTED CLEANLINESS just once and you will never be content to go without it again. For tender or sensitive skins the mildness and absolute purity of Lifebuoy *insure skin comfort.*

Antiseptic—protects you and your family

Look at your hands!.

You've washed them thoroughly. They *look* clean.

Yet within half an hour after washing they have touched a dozen germ-laden things, from which there is danger of infection. Car straps, money, library books, pets, countless every-day things.

These invisible germs are the chief cause of sickness, of infectious ailments, and of skin disorders.

Touch what you will, work where you will—your skin will repel instead of attract germs if you use Lifebuoy regularly. The mild carbolated solution which it contains *protects* you.

Clears and beautifies

Lifebuoy is made of pure cocoanut oil, pure natural red palm oil and a mild carbolated infusion (the greatest secret of the complexion specialists). It clears and beautifies the skin and deodorizes the pores. A $5,000 guarantee of purity is given with every cake.

Do you work with your hands?

Are there certain kinds of dirt, or grease, or grime, or ground-in grit that you find it almost impossible to remove from your hands?

Lifebuoy will clean them instantly and thoroughly. Prevents chapped skin and *protects from infection of cuts and scratches.*

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo.

5 cents because of large production—no expensive perfume—no fancy package. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. If he hasn't it, send 5 cents in stamps or coin for full size cake to LEVER BROTHERS Co., Dept. 14, Cambridge, Mass.

Ask the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway
To Help You Get a Splendid Farm

Prompt action secures a magnificent farm on the new Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental line through the Kingdom of Wheat in Western Canada.

One thousand miles of new railway taps the three Prairie Provinces that raised a 200,000,000-bushel wheat crop this year.

This line opens up millions of acres to homeseekers. The farmers already there are reaping fortunes. *Your fortune is there—why not come?*

$4,000 in 3 Years!
I came here from North Dakota and have had three crops off my land. The first year I had 31 bushels to the acre, 18 the next year and 30 the next. I came here with nothing and it would take at least $4,000 to buy me out.
JOSEPH PEOPLES.

$6,000 in 5 Years!
I have lived here five years, and came here with nothing. Now $6,000 could not induce me to part with what I have. I had 3,150 bushels of wheat and oats off 140 acres. I sold my wheat at Fort William at 98½c this year. PORTER ROBINSON.

40 Bushels Per Acre.
I came here in 1905. I had 40 bushels to the acre of No. 1 hard wheat in 1906, which was the best crop I have had; but I am well satisfied with the country and my prospects, and will have 340 acres under crop next year. J. T. McNEE.

How Canada's Greatest Railroad Helps You!

We are helping thousands of settlers secure the best farms on our lines at a fraction of actual value. Their success means a tremendous volume of traffic for the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry.

We have no land for sale, but our expert land men, who know every foot of the country, will select what will exactly suit you at a lower price than you can get it. Their services cost you nothing.

If you have a few hundred dollars and an ambition to succeed, *come at once* and Canada's Greatest Railway will *go the limit* to help you.

Ask for the Famous Free Book, "LAND, A LIVING AND WEALTH"
The Story of Farming and Social Conditions in Western Canada

Tells how men pay for their farms with the first crop. Gives opinions of America's greatest soil experts, crop experts, live stock experts, and students of social conditions, on the advantages of Western Canada. All about Free Homesteade. Describes the great colonization movement which is fast transforming Western Canada into the world's greatest agricultural empire.

In writing for the book, state what kind of land you want, soil, and for what class of farming, and we will write you fully. Address

W. P. HINTON, G. P. A., 32 Union Station, Winnipeg, Canada (17)

Scotch Style Calabash Pipes
Why kill yourself by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash that absorbs all nicotine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied.
THE ROYAL PIPE CO., 220 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.
Price 50c each or 3 for $1, postpaid
Stamps taken.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS Sample card 12 pens & 2 penholders for 10 cents. Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York.

CRESCA DELICACIES
Rare and distinctive foods from many lands. Interesting piquant dainties to surprise and delight the palate, gathered and packed in the Cresca way.
Every fine housekeeper should have our color booklet "Cresca Foreign Luncheons"; many of these delicacies are described and illustrated with menus and recipes by famous chefs—sent on receipt of 2c stamp.
CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 337 Greenwich St., New York

ONE OF THOSE BIG NUMBERS

THERE have been many exceptional numbers of our SUNDAY MAGAZINE during the last few months, with an occasional big number such as the next will be. You know, from past experience, that the bigness is in quality rather than in quantity.

WIRELESS POWER describes the marvelous discoveries of **Nikola Tesla** and what they mean. The great scientists, especially the academic ones, know that Tesla and his work are years ahead of the time, and they appreciate him. To many others he is a dreamer of wonderful dreams. But if you read his revelations purely as romance, you must be thrilled by them. And yet you will find it difficult to explain them merely as magnificent flights of a magnificent imagination.

It is quite true that there are set forth many wonderful things that most of us find beyond our power to believe. Our attitude is exactly like that of our forebears to truths that have since become familiar facts. Perhaps the most tremendous of all the ideas in this article about **Tesla** by **Richard M. Winans** is the annihilation of space. You know, if you happen to have thought about it, that the chief factor in civilization is the process of bringing communities closer together,—the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone. **Tesla** says he will have a telephone he can carry about in his pocket, with which it will be possible for him to talk to a man in the Fiji Islands, or in Siberia, or in the next block, or in Tierra del Fuego.

A great waterfall in the wilds of Central Africa can furnish power, and without loss of energy, to a factory in Chicago, while another factory across the street may get its power from Japan or British Columbia. **Tesla** doesn't care whether or not you accept what he believes as a wonderful dream or as truth. To him they are facts; although he knows many years must elapse before all of them are proved. It will take your breath away, this article, and leave you overwhelmed.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM is a tale that seems really to have been designed to accompany **WIRELESS POWER;** for it has to do with a crewless lifesaving craft. They are already actualities. **Tesla** says the time is coming when crewless cargo boats will be sent all over the world in perfect safety. But the author of the story probably knew nothing of the **Tesla** article when he wrote about the two Sams, called Flotsam and Jetsam by the lifesaving crew of Ships Bottom, Barnegat—from which you will guess correctly that it was written by **S. Ten Eyck Bourke** and **Charles Francis Bourke.** They are boys of fourteen, amazingly mischievous and competent youngsters, who hope to be lifesavers themselves some day and resent the automatic lifeboat. You would never guess how that boat came to play an important part in their lives, or how they arose to a big situation. It is one of the most amazing and most exciting tales of adventure that the **Bourkes** have written.

DYNAMITE JOHNNY O'BRIEN, that entirely competent and efficient adventurer, continues his story of the filibustering that brought on the Spanish-American War. There is more valuable and amazing history, more excitement, more unselfish patriotism, more love of real liberty, in this true story than in anything that has been published in a long time. And when there is nothing big to be described there is always the matching of wits against detectives—and few things are more interesting than that.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD, by **Catherine Schurman,** seems at first to be merely a particularly clever satirical society story; but as you go along you will find it stands for fine things that give it dignity and beauty. And we like that kind of tale.

SOME HELPS TO A LONG LIFE is a popular article written with scientific authority by **Eugene L. Fisk, M. D.** It is a perfect joy because of its humor, its entertainment, its sane commonsense, and its grasp of the subject. We are glad to announce that it is the beginning of a series by **Dr. Fisk.**

YOU will please be prepared to be much surprised and delighted shortly by the announcement of a remarkable serial written by one of the world's great masters of storytelling, which is to appear in our SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

"Tied-up Tight!"

It's tough, when the balls are well scattered, to have the cue-ball roll into a hopeless position. But it's all in the game—one of those elements of uncertainty that are part of the fascination of Billiards and Pool. These are fine games—they require skill, judgment and nerve—they are great games anywhere, but infinitely more enjoyable at home than in a public poolroom. They enliven the home atmosphere; all the family enjoy them. You can own a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete Playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table.

Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table of whatever size is scientifically accurate in proportions to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 221 Center St., Portland, Me.

Remoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. *Looks* like a *diamond—wears* like a *diamond*—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold mountings. 1-30th the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—*will cut glass.* Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free for the asking. Address—

Remoh Jewelry Co.
491 N. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

FROM THE MILL — 33⅓ % SAVED

Buy from the manufacturers and save dealers' profits. 25,000 satisfied customers. Well-known **Regal Rugs,** 6x9, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. **Brussels Rugs,** 9x12, greatest value known, $3.60. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug,** 9x12, $8.75. Famous **Invincible Velvets,** 9x12, $16. Standard **Axminsters,** 9x12, $16.80. Best quality **Lace Curtains,** 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleum and Furniture** at mill and factory prices. Write to-day for our New Illustrated Catalog, No. 15, showing designs in actual colors. SENT FREE.

UNITED MILLS MFG. Co, 2452-62 JASPER ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WE PAY FREIGHT

CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF

A waterproof collar perfect in its linen finish and texture. Saves bother, time and laundry bills. *All dealers. Style Book Free.*

Collars 25c — Cuffs 50c

The Arlington Company
725 Broadway, New York
Established 1883

COLLARS & CUFFS

Reel Line FREE to Introduce or Write us Postal

LINE HANGS VERTICAL

KINGFISHER book, Pat. Aug. 3 1909; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

Send 15c stamps for one KINGFISHER hook, 15 silver finish Cincinnati bass hooks and three good strong lines, postpaid.
PARDON HOOK CO., Room 28, OWENSBORO, KY.

AH LEE BUNG

BY WALLACE IRWIN

"Me Sabbe Plenty—Japan-boy Thlow Blick-bat, China-boy Make Sweet-talk—All Same Y. M. C. A."

GLOBES of sunset color were beginning to peep through the Santa Clara apricot orchards, when Mr. Jiro Uremoto halted his cavalcade on the county road, then turned in at the gatepost bearing a tin letter box marked "B. F. Oliver." Mr. Jiro, being godlike, rode alone in a red buckboard; but he was stoutly supported in the rear by three crate wagons bearing fifty Japanese laborers, and as many quaint patent leather suitcases. There was a curious uniformity about that little army of coolies with their despicable ready made suits and headgear fashioned to resemble style by some Mad Hatter of Shoddyville; but Mr. Jiro was of finer cloth. His straw hat, fearfully new and modish, was circled by a ribbon of noisy blue and yellow; mercerized purple shone above his new tan shoes; and his suit was fresh from the tailor's iron, of an assertive check, furnished with diagonal pockets. He smoked Egyptian cigarettes; for was he not a super-Japanese? By profession he was a boss contractor of coolie labor. His followers looked up to him and called him "Master"; but the local fruit growers, disdaining the rolling syllables of his island name, usually addressed him as "Harry."

The procession rounded the dusty curve leading to the ranch house. An almond tree shook angrily beside the road as Ah Lee-Bung, a tall, plump old Chinese with scant, gray pigtail, rose up from behind a fence and focused on the interlopers his one baneful, flat lidded eye. The other eye had doubtless been equally baneful and equally flat lidded had it not gone to join its ancestors two score years before.

"What fo'?" demanded Ah Lee Bung of the passing Jiro, pointing dramatically at the little brown brothers in the crate wagons. .

"Pigtail! I disgust at your nationality!" retorted Mr. Jiro, haughtily snapping up his horse. This animal was Jiro's proudest possession, which he valued even more highly than his college cut suit and straw hat.

"Ah! I sabbe you! You catchee Japanese swell-head!" shouted Bung after the departing conquerors. Here followed an oration in Chinese that Jiro did not understand; and this was perhaps fortunate, for Ah Lee Bung was of the people who invented the art of repartee.

JUDGE OLIVER, grown to look like a noble Spaniard in that golden sun, showed his tanned skin and snowy goatee at the door of the ranch house and came forth to greet the Samurai, who were now standing ankle-deep in the dusty road.

"What's the matter, Harry? You're two days late," he said, addressing Jiro.

"Thank you," replied the contract boss with the air of one who has just received a compliment. "These Japanese boy is very sufficient workman, yes 'deed! Intelligent—oh! I gather them more hastily than I could."

"There's fifty of 'em, according to contract," said Tommy Oliver, a tall college boy in khaki.

"We very prompt delivery," piped Jiro. His pride was to know everything American, his ambition to learn more.

"Two days late—that looks like prompt delivery!" commented the Judge.

The fruit crop was coming ripe with terrific swiftness, and speedy gathering meant everything. There was a labor famine up and down the Santa Clara Valley, and the Olivers, for the first time in their experience, were forced to employ Japanese pickers. The boss, in such cases, usually contracts to pick, sort, cut, and dry the entire crop for market.

"You'll be ready to put your gang to work tomorrow morning?" asked Judge Oliver anxiously. The sun was now swinging low over the Coast Range.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Sir!" answered Jiro the business man. "Tomorrer very strict my intelligent men work. Yes. But I must demand one different arrangement, please." The Japanese drew his stubby mustache above his prominent teeth in one long, hissing smile.

"One different arrangement!" thundered the Judge. "Do you mean to say you're going to back out at this stage of the proceedings?"

"Oh, how sorry we should be so depraved!" exclaimed the fashionable Harry. "Yet one slight command we must require." Jiro looked over the harrowed acres to where the venerable Ah Lee Bung, clad in a blue jumper, stooped Ceres-like in the act of pouring golden apricots into an open crate. "We must be excused from our prejudice, which is too bad. Chinese and Japanese are accustomed to enjoy considerable hatred from each other. Therefore, if we work in field with him," pointing to the patient Bung, "we shall be unable to do so."

"But Bung's been with us for years," spoke up Tommy. "He's a good sort—no real harm in him. I'm sure you'll find him all right to work with."

"Doubtless he are very delicious," responded Jiro. "Excuse us from our prejudice. Chinese cause us national disgust."

Judge Oliver checked his rising irritation at this declaration of independence. The need of labor was dire; but he had no intention of abandoning Bung the faithful and true.

"You fellows go to work," he said diplomatically. "We'll see that Bung doesn't cause you any disturbance."

"We do how best we can for friendship, Judge Oliver," said Jiro; "but this Chinese must not protrude too much. Otherwise we quit."

He turned to his men and spoke the liquid language of the islands. Mechanically and without a word the obedient Samurai mounted their wagons, three huddled groups of human machines. Jiro, lightly flicking the dust from his knit silk necktie, mounted his buckboard, and the entourage rumbled away toward the quarters behind the pepper grove.

BUNG—oh, Bung!" shouted Judge Oliver, beckoning to the blue-jumpered man at work among the fruit trees.

"All lite, Judge Olivah," responded Bung, assuming that air of affable adoration with which he always addressed his boss. He was getting old. He had been with the Olivers now for twenty years, and the family had grown foolishly attached to this faithful, temperamental henchman.

"Bung," said the Judge, "Harry the Jap has brought fifty men over to pick the crops this year."

"I see him," grunted the yellow man, mischief glint-

ing in his single eye. "Now, I know the Chinese and Japanese don't get along together—"

"Too muchee all same dog-cat, claw-fight—no good!" agreed Bung.

"Well, you've got to like each other in this case—understand? I don't want any rowing and fighting in the orchard. If the Japs are inclined to be cross with you, use diplomacy."

"Wha' you call him—diplomaly?

"Diplomacy is the art of getting ahead without a fight," was the rather loose definition that Judge Oliver gave.

"Me sabbe plenty—Japan-boy thlow blick-bat, China-boy make sweet-talk—all same Y. M. C. A."

"You've got the idea—and now go to work. No trouble, understand! If I hear of any unpleasantness in the orchard, I'm going to put it all up to you. You'll lose your job, that's all."

"Ah, no! You no fire poor ole Bung," said the Chinaman, incredulously shaking his gray pigtail as he departed.

WAR," said the philosopher Ng 'Tse, "is the vice of vampires." And Bung was no vampire. Yet inwardly he longed to throw himself like a flail of fire upon the vainglorious Tatars. However, he confided these desperate impulses only to his ancestors, a countless line of passive gentlemen who had always, without a murmur, payed usurious rates for peace.

The fifty-one Japanese, on the other hand, grew big with pride as the season wore on and the picking proceeded. Mr. Jiro Uremoto, locally known as "Harry," was especially insolent in his power. An enormous personal vanity made Jiro ever conspicuous. "I know American custom—oh, yes—punctually," was his continual boast.

Evenings after supper Jiro always arrayed himself. He would put on his suit with the diagonal pockets, his purple socks, his straw hat with the ribbon of noisy blue and yellow; and, hitching his sorrel horse to his new red buckboard, he would drive grandly through the winding lanes of the ranch, leaving an aroma of Egyptian cigarettes behind his rolling chariot. He always rode alone, and in his triumphal progress he never failed to pass Bung's shack, driving so close to the lonely philosopher that he often upset the box on which Bung rolled his stock of cigarettes. At this insult Bung would invariably scream a chapter of Cantonese invective and rush into the hermitage, slamming the door. But if the arrogant Jiro noticed this discourtesy, he made no sign.

ONE night, however, something happened right in front of Bung's cottage. Mr. Jiro, decked out in his customary college boy disguise, had called on Bung a little later than usual. In fact, the dusk had settled so far that the cartwheel entirely missed the box in passing. A moment later Jiro's horse reared on his hind legs and fell forward in a heap so suddenly that his stately driver was seen to pitch forward over the dashboard and strike the road head first with the energy of a human bullet. The whip flew one way, the party-colored straw hat another, and before the baffled Jiro could gather together his scattered properties the horse had scrambled to his feet and cut a noisy bee line for some indefinite point in the dusk.

Jiro, limping and waving his beloved hat, galloped in the wake of his steed, shouting in Japanese.

As soon as his whilom persecutor was well out of sight Bung emerged from his cottage and quietly took down the length of manila rope he had tied across the road from the trunks of two pepper trees.

Bung usually worked in a corner of the grove discreetly removed from the rest; but on the morning after Jiro's mysterious tumble the Chinaman approached closer to his enemies. He stood on the ground and, looking up, addressed a spidery pair of legs perched on a ladder among the branches.

"Japanee devil heap smart boy!" he remarked in a tone of excessive sweetness.

"Bad man! Op'um smoke!" piped the wizened little acrobat from the top of a tree. In another instant Ah Lee Bung was racing down the road, pursued by a shower of apricots, buckets, water bottles, and stones, which hit the moving target with that marvelous accuracy which made the Japanese famous at the naval victory won by Admiral Togo.

Bung thereupon resolved upon a desperate expedient. He went to his shack, took down the red prayer papers from the door, and posted in their place a row of yellow wafers of a shade particularly offensive to the Powers of Darkness. He had given birth to an idea.

Peace reigned for a week while the pickers made splendid inroads into the crop. The cutters under the shed, slashing and pitting the fruit with the dexterity of jugglers, laughed and bickered in a language that, at a

Continued on page 16

THE POET OF THE PANTRY

BY JAMES HAY, JR.

THE Isles of Greece—the Isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved and sang—have nothing on the aisles of the national Bureau of Chemistry where Doctor Wiley works and sings; for the doctor, the pure food expert, the savior of the nation's stomach, is a poet—full fledged, ardent, tuneful, and sublime. His spirit, taking its rapid flight from a wilderness of bottles, tubes, and tests, rises as on the wings of the lark into the empyrean blue and drowns the harmony of the spheres with its mellifluous music, adds another charm to the meridian glory of the sun, and brings to life the poor, dead loves that lie, pale and suppressed, in the ashen valleys of the moon. His soul, enchanted by the lure of lyres languorously sweet, rushes from its prosaic surroundings of benzoate of soda, communes with the company of immortal singers, and thrills in sweet accord with that ethereal zone where the roughest disturbance is the radiant play of Fancy and the harshest of storms is a roseleaf rain.

Photo by Clinedinst.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

What is more to the point, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, afloat in a ship of dazzling dreams on the high, high sea of a saffron sky, strings his gems of song on the strong, gold wire of commonsense. The sonnets with which he greets his brother the Wind, and his sister the Mist, the rondeaus in which he adds new luster to the evening star, and the epics in which he fraternizes with Jove, hurler of thunderbolts,—all, all of them may be read with profit to the pantry.

Have you purchased a medicine that was misbranded, in defiance of the law and regulations? Then will the doctor, discoursing in iambic trimeters, breathe forth the mournful measure of your idiocy in patronizing a druggist who sells potations inaccurately labeled. Has your marketman palmed off on you a "spring chicken" that has been in cold storage long enough to make its bones turn blue? Then will Wiley, employing the melodious flow of dactylic hexameters, hurl tuneful curses upon the criminal dealer in poultry. Is your icecream peopled by three million destructive germs to the cubic centimeter? Tell it to the doctor, and the spondaic murmur of his wrath will warm the very cockles of your heart. All of which is true because this peer of Sappho and equal of Voltaire stands for purity,—purity in poesy and purity in provender. The wings of his genius touch with equally caressing motion the summits of inspiration and the depths of digestion. With the lyrical links of his soaring song he has connected forever the pæan and the pantry, the lutestring and the lard.

Variety lurks in the Wiley poetry. Some of it marches in grand, slow, impressive rhythm, surging strongly with high and ennobling thought, and some of it trips lightly hand in hand with jollity. In the grand diapason of his serenades, extending in topics from the sweetness of the hambone to the action of the heart, every note is touched, and in his choruses Tragedy kisses the hem of Joy's robe. And particularly does the laughing voice of Mirth lilt pleasing things in his "Song of Agricultural Chemists."

But the doctor's poetry is merely the embellishment of his work. When he wrote the present Pure Food and Drugs Act some of his intimates pretended to be surprised by his failure to frame it in heroic verse. This, however, was far from his thoughts. That law summed up things for which he had been fighting a quarter of a century, and when the opportunity to have it enacted by Congress arose he laid aside the harp and took up the exact pen of science and jurisprudence. He regards the Pure Food Law as the greatest achievement of his career. He loves it—loves it better than his membership in the French Legion of Honor, better than his Elliott Cresson medal, better than his rank as a chevalier of the Mérité Agricole.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY entered the service of the Government twenty-nine years ago, finding his poetical soul and exploring brain in charge of a division consisting of three men. The Department of Agriculture in those days was an embryonic affair, giving little opportunity for vast undertakings, affording but cramped space for the flapping of the wings of literary genius. He devoted all his time to agricultural chemistry, and the fruits of his labors came forth in the shape of pamphlets and bulletins on such earthly subjects as "Commercial Fertilizers," "Mixed Sugars," "American Butters and Their Adulterations," and "The Influence of Acids and Bone Black on Rotary Power of Glucose."

Then the inveitable happened. You can't keep a rising soul chained to the ugly and commonplace any more than you can keep a squirrel on the ground. The restless spirit of Wiley, quivering and surcharged with the ample knowledge of the action of air and soils on plants and flowers, broke the bars of sod and sand, tried out its wings, and sailed triumphantly through transcendent spaces. There, lapped in the luxurious beauty of dreamland and aroused anew by mystic messages, he met the souls of the first great protectors of the human body and its health. Hippocrates welcomed him as a long-lost brother, and Herophius, the first disciple of dissection, brushed his brow with cold but encouraging touch. Celsus, reclining on the shores of a crystal lake, enthused in ghostly gestures because the doctor appreciated what he had done in defining the esophagus. Rufus of Ephesus, Galen, Pelops, and all the noble band of bygone physicians, rousing themselves from the lethargic contemplation of their own achievements, strolled by his side in the Gardens of Knowledge, offered him roses for his couch, and plaited in his raven hair gorgeous garlands of aromatic plants and healing herbs.

And one fine evening, when the breeze came heavy with stores of perfume and Israfeel sang at his wildest and his best, old Erasistratus made this suggestion:

"The digestion, Harvey, my boy! Save the digestion! That is the great work for you to do!"

Whereupon, Harvey, heeding the advice and appreciating that he had done all there was to do in agricultural chemistry, made up his mind to learn something and say something about the action of chemicals and food adulterants on the human digestive organs. After that, his course was easy. He began to fulminate in poetry and prose against the sale of impure foods and the trade in injurious medicines and quack remedies. He formed his famous "poison squad," and, by feeding them on adulterants, acids, and poisons, acquired an exact knowledge of what havoc is wrought in the body of a man or a woman by food that has been colored or preserved with harmful ingredients.

"What I want," he said once, "is to convince the people of this country that they are fools to let the food suppliers hurt their health or rob their pocketbooks by selling them impure or worthless foodstuffs."

His campaign of education succeeded, and in the Roosevelt administration, when Congress harkened to the call of the voters and decided to pass a law against the misbranding of drugs and the harmful adulteration of foods, the House Committee on Agriculture asked Wiley to write the act. He did, and to this day the members of the House and Senate say that to Wiley is due the lion's share of the credit of Pure Food legislation.

But he has been tremendously active in many other ways. It is his habit to tell mothers how to feed their children, to warn children against the purchase of bad icecream, to explain why some goods are wholesome and why some others are not. His work on agricultural chemistry is a standard the world over. French and German scientific editors constantly besiege him with requests for special articles. His lectures and writings on "good germs" and "bad germs" have given him such eminence that whenever he goes to Europe he cannot escape a continuous round of entertainments and ovations. The highbrowed and longhaired gentry of the Continent fall over themselves and ride about on horseback to round him up and make him sit at table with them.

In Washington, Dr. Wiley is always in demand as an after dinner speaker. He is as apt with airy badinage and persiflage as he is with the liquid cadences of rime, and he always brings a laugh. More than six feet tall and built with all the massive strength of a Corinthian column, he towers above a group of diners-out and furnishes enough wit to make them fat.

THE Bureau of Chemistry, of which Wiley is now the head, has today five hundred employees, as compared with the three men who made up its membership when he took charge of it twenty-nine years ago, and the great growth of the staff may be taken as the concrete expression of the manner in which the public has responded to Wiley's preachings that the people of this country have a right to be sold foods that will not poison them and drugs that will heal them. He and his men are the legal guardians of national digestion, and the protectors of the country's pantry.

The doctor has always been a student of chemistry and the effects of chemistry on plants and human beings. A native of Indiana, he began life as an instructor in his State, became State Chemist, went to Washington and took the professorship of chemistry in George Washington University, and later went into the service of the Government. Since then he has enjoyed merely a growing procession of foreign decorations, honorary degrees, and marks of distinction from civic bodies. Every day his mail is burdened with letters from cities and countries that want to enlist his services in reform for better milk, better sanitation, and better anything that preserves health. His chief reward has come in the recognition given him by the masses of the people.

But, first and foremost, he is a poet: a rare kind of poet; for he is not ashamed of his lyrical output. Far from it! He has even published some of his epics, songs, lampoons, and dirges. And when a man does that he is some poet!

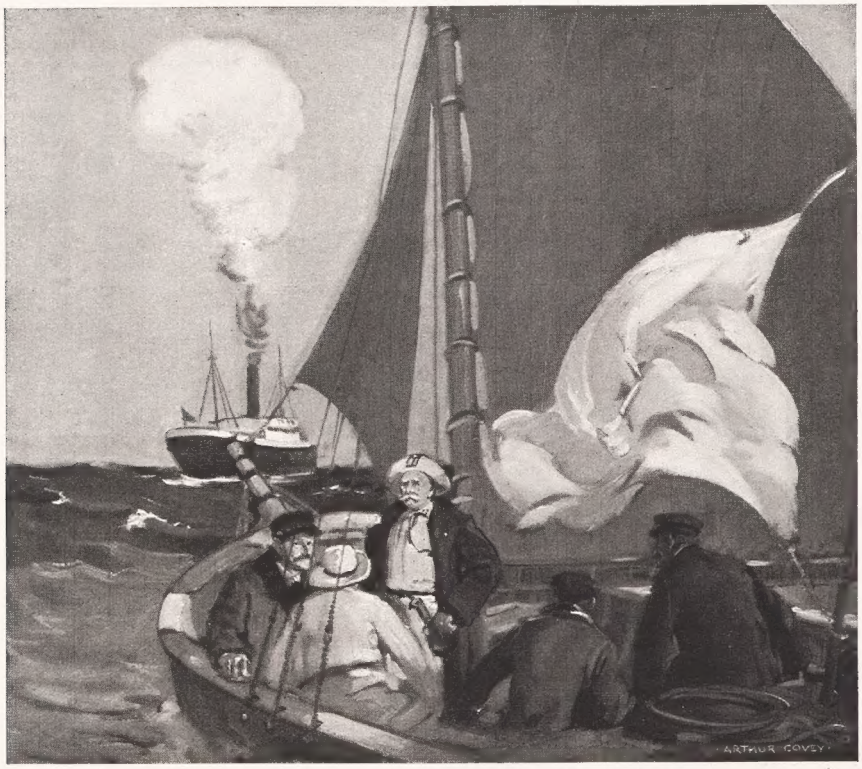
His love of the muses never falters. Day by day he thinks with Homer and flocks with Hesiod on the slopes of Helicon, or, skipping lightly down the corridors of comedy, laughs with Aristophanes. And, as Arion sang to wine, Wiley lifts his voice in praise of good water and pure milk.

This doctor, full of the uninspired lore of germs and poisons, has pulled off the crowning achievement of poetry. He has thrown into the pantry the glow of romance, and has enveloped the kitchen stove with the fragrance of Olympian flowers. He has made the frying pan sputter in trochaic rhythm, and has sung the glory of fresh laid eggs in Pindaric notes.

Wherefore, we say, the Isles of Greece have nothing on the aisles of Wiley's bureau.

A CAPTAIN UNAFRAID

PART III. **Narrated by CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN to HORACE SMITH**



The General and His Companions Came Out to Meet Us in a Fishing Boat.

AFTER the tugs that set out to follow the Bermuda from New York had been lost in the snowstorm that was sent to aid us, we kept on to the eastward until we were too far from the shore for our smoke to be followed in case the weather cleared suddenly, and then turned south and ran down to Atlantic City to pick up General Calixto Garcia and his companions. They came out to meet us in a fishing boat from Great Egg Harbor, flying a white flag to identify them, and we got them aboard in short order, and proceeded southward at full speed. The whole movement was executed so quickly that the detectives were taken off their guard, and it was not until four days later that they were sure as to just what had happened. Then a frantic telegram was sent from Washington to all Collectors of Customs on the Atlantic Coast, ordering the seizure of the Bermuda; but we were halfway to our destination by that time.

With General Garcia, who was the central figure in the party, were Dr. Joaquin Castillo Duany, subdelegate at New York under Mr. Palma, and General Emilio Nuñez, Chief of Expeditions for the revolutionists. Dr. Enrique Hernandez, who had an office at 90th-st. and Madison-ave., New York, left a profitable practice to go along as staff surgeon for General Garcia. They were accompanied by nearly one hundred of their countrymen, who at the last minute had taken advantage of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity to go home and engage in the war. General Garcia breathed easier when he saw the Jersey coast going down astern, with no pursuing ships in sight; but he was still oppressed by the fear that the expedition would meet with no better fortune than those which had preceded it.

"I never expect to see Cuba again," he kept telling his staff officers.

"Don't you worry about that, General," I told him. "You are going to get to Cuba this time."

"That's what they have all told me," he replied mournfully.

"I never have told you that before, have I?"

"No."

"Then take my word for it. This time we will get you there."

My confidence impressed him a little, and he lost some of his melancholy; but it was not until we got within sight of Cuba that he took a really cheerful view of things.

At an appointed place below Cape Henry we hove to long enough to pick up eight large, flat bottomed dories in which to land our passengers and the large cargo of arms. In all filibustering expeditions it is essential to put the cargo ashore as quickly as possible and get away, the more surely to avoid detection. Using the ship's boats, it would have taken us two days to land all the stuff we carried, and it was out of the question to take on the dories at New York; so it had been arranged that they should be waiting for us at a designated time and place.

With our cargo complete we took a circuitous course, to avoid coastwise traffic and wandering warships and revenue cutters. This involved some loss of time; but a few days made no difference, as compared with the greater safety this roundabout way assured. We were to land in a little indentation in the coast between Points Maravi and Aguacate, five miles west of Baracoa Lighthouse, which is about thirty miles west of Cape Maysi, the eastern end of the island.

On the afternoon of March 25 I hove to off Inagua Island and looked the engines over carefully, examined all the bearings, cleaned the fires, and gave the firemen a lesson in smokeless stoking—which is another thing no filibuster can afford to overlook. More than one expedition, otherwise well planned, has come to grief because proper precautions were not taken to prevent telltale smoke from pouring out of the ship's funnels. The wise way to put on coal, when it is desired to hoist no signal that may result in capture, is to drop it in a heap just inside of the furnace door, instead of throwing it far back and scattering it, and allow it to coke, after which it can be sliced up and pushed back. This trick I learned in my early filibustering days. The fire that is handled in this way makes just as much steam as is produced by the ordinary method, and gives off only a very little thin white smoke, which can scarcely be seen even at a short distance.

WE had on board two Cuban pilots who, because of their supposed familiarity with the coast, were to fix the course as soon as we made out the land and direct the ship to the point at which the landing was to be made. One of them was a traitor, as I had suspected for sometime before it was proved, and the other was at best an ignoramus. We raised Baracoa Light soon after dark. The pilot who had been bribed to lead us into a trap declared it was the light at Cape Maysi, and insisted that we run down the coast for thirty-five miles, where I had no doubt the Spaniards were waiting for us in force, both afloat and ashore. The other pilot, as he was called, agreed with his partner as to our location.

I knew where we were, and I knew they were wrong. Aside from my reckoning, the light at Cape Maysi could be seen for eighteen miles, while the one at Baracoa was only an eight-mile light; so there could be no mistaking them. Vigorously the two pilots swore that we were headed for Cape Maysi; but I refused to change the course, as they demanded. When they saw that they could not influence me, the traitor undertook to convince General Nuñez, who, as Chief of Expeditions, was in supreme authority on the ship, that I was betraying them, as they had often been betrayed before, and that if I was permitted to have my way they would soon find themselves in a snare from which there would be no escape.

I could not speak much Spanish; but I knew enough of it to understand the argument that was being made for my discomfiture, and the situation was not a pleasant one. General Nuñez knew nothing about me except what Hart had told him, and, as the Cubans had suffered so much from false friends that it had become an old story, it was natural to suppose, it seemed to me, that he would put more confidence in one of his own countrymen than in a comparative stranger.

Still, the General appeared to have faith in me, and as the best means of strengthening it, and at the time stopping the chatter and saving a lot of bother, I ordered the two alleged pilots off the bridge. The traitor did not move rapidly enough to suit my rather impatient frame of mind; so I placed two or three hard kicks where they would be of the greatest assistance to him, much to the astonishment of General Garcia and his party. General Nuñez said not a word throughout this proceeding, which momentarily relieved the tension we were all under, and I had great respect for him from that moment.

Setting our course by the lighthouse, I headed in for the landing place. Naturally, we were showing no lights. The engine room hatch was covered with tarpaulins, and there was a canvas cover over the binnacle light, with a small hole through which just enough of the compass to steer by could be seen. The Cubans are inveterate smokers; but I had told General Nuñez there must be no smoking that night, under penalty of death, and he had given the order.

When we were within about five miles of the coast I made out a Spanish gunboat coming up from the eastward, hugging the shore. Probably she was on her way to the trap into which the renegade pilot had planned to lead us. Before anyone else saw the warship I swung round in a wide circle to let her go by, and then stood on into the bight. The pilot, who was only a fool, lived close to where the cargo was to be landed, and when we got close inshore he saw his house at the foot of Anvil Hill.

"Oh, look!" he whispered excitedly. "There my home, there my home! Captain O'Brien was right! Captain O'Brien was right!" He appeared to think he had made a great discovery.

THE deep water at that point prevented an anchorage; but it also enabled us to stand in close to the shore. Ed Murphy, my mate, was landed first. After scouting around in search of hidden Spaniards he waved a lantern as a signal that the coast was clear. General Garcia and his staff, in full uniform, were then sent ashore. There were tears in the old warrior's eyes when he gripped my hand as he went over the side, and he probably would have hugged me, in the fashion of the country, if I hadn't backed away.

"You kept your word, Captain!" he said in a voice shaking with emotion. "The others lied to me; but you didn't. We never will forget you. I hope you can continue in our service; for we need you."

The General, too, kept his word. He frequently mentioned me in his official reports, said many pleasant things about me to men in and out of the organization, and up to the day of his death was one of my best friends.

Following the landing of the officers, we proceeded to get the rest of the Cubans and the arms and ammunition ashore as quickly as possible. It was about ten-thirty when this work was begun, and it was completed by three o'clock in the morning. The traitorous pilot got away in the first boatload of passengers, evidently in the hope of escaping; but word was brought back to me that he was literally cut to pieces by his companions a moment after he landed. He well deserved his fate. His partner was kicked and prodded with machetes all the way to the door of his cabin.

Soon after General Garcia landed his little force was joined by several hundred rebels who had come to meet him and assist in carrying the arms back into the

mountains. While our cargo was being landed five Spanish warships were lying just round the point in Baracoa Bay, not more than five miles away. The next morning their commanders learned what had happened, and desperate but futile efforts were made to capture Garcia. At about the same time that we made this landing the Commodore landed an expedition near Matanzas, and the Three Friends, under Napoleon Broward, put a third one ashore on the south coast, near Santiago. The Cuban cause seemed to be looking up.

WE steamed away as soon as the last boatload was clear of the ship, and by daylight were round Cape Maysi and on our way to Puerto Cortés, Honduras, where we took on a cargo of bananas. General Nuñez, who was in a hurry to get back to New York with the good news, left us there and went to New Orleans on the fast little steamer that carried the report of the drawing of the old Louisiana lottery, which, perforce, had been transferred to Honduras.

We stayed at Puerto Cortés no longer than was necessary; for the Bermuda was a British ship, and there was a good chance that a warship flying that flag might drop in and make trouble for us, for it was soon whispered about that we had landed a big expedition in Cuba. Soon after our departure this suspicion was verified to the satisfaction of the Honduras Government, and the old Scottish shipping agent through whom I had purchased the bananas was compelled to pay a fine amounting to five dollars for each member of the Bermuda's crew, for having done business with a filibuster. I had paid him enough for the fruit so that he could afford to stand this loss. He wrote Hart that, while he would be glad to sell him all the bananas he wanted, he hoped he would send no more filibustering ships down that way.

Before leaving New York I had urged that the ship return to that port instead of to Philadelphia, where Hart had his headquarters. I expected we should all be arrested, and had pointed out that there would be much less chance of convicting us in New York than in Philadelphia. In New York, with its large and influential Cuban colony, there was a great deal of public sentiment in favor of the revolution; while in Philadelphia they didn't even know there was a war on in Cuba, and the Federal Judge there believed that all filibusters ought to be hanged. When we put in at the Delaware Breakwater for orders I was surprised to find directions to proceed to Philadelphia. As I had no desire to get tangled up in a lot of trouble that would be plainly seen and might possibly prevent further activity of the sort I liked, I construed these orders to apply only to the ship. Thirty miles below Philadelphia the tug that had the vessel in tow put me ashore in New Jersey and I proceeded to my home near Newark.

AS I had expected, the Bermuda's arrival at Philadelphia was quickly followed by the arrest of Hart and Ed Murphy, the mate, on a charge of violating the neutrality laws by conducting an armed, organized expedition against Spain, and the crew were held as witnesses. General Nuñez and I were included in the indictment; but we went into retirement until word was brought to us that if we would submit to arrest our

Continued on page 19

A REPORT ON A FEVERED BROW

By SEWELL FORD

I AIN'T denyin' it, nor I ain't goin' hoarse tryin' to prove it, either! Maybe I am the highest salaried office boy in the business, and then again—well, all I got to say is that when I ain't worth what I get I want 'em to give me the chuck. And I'd hand that to the whole board of directors as quick as I'd whisper it to you.

For if anyone thinks this is a rest cure job of mine, sittin' here behind the brass gate and passin' offhand on who to let in and who to keep out, I'd like to see 'em turn the trick. Anyway, it calls for something you can't work out by any set of rules, or learn at a business college. And you can't go by your feelin's, either. Why, there's some I have to bar out that I'd like to slide through, and there's others I have to throw the switch for prompt and smilin' when if I had my way they'd get the sudden shunt.

Take Mellish, now. Someway, it always grated on me to have Piddie tow him inside and pass him on into Mr. Ellins' private office, without so much as a word or a nod to me. Not that I got grouchy just for his goin' over my head that way. It was something about the oily smirk this Mellish had a habit of puttin' on as he tiptoed by, as if he was kind of twittin' me with the fact that it didn't matter what I thought about him.

Mellish! Say, I expect there's more or less nice folks by that name, though it ain't common, and I suppose if you knew 'em well the name wouldn't mean much of anything; but in this case—well, it was a red ink description, that's all. One of these meek, faded, sidlin', hand rubbin' nonresisters, T. Courtney Mellish was; with sort of a hopeless, helpless sag to his shoulders, and a weary droop to his eyelids and mouth corners, and a resigned, patient air, as much as to say, "Well, here I am! What are you going to do for me?" You could almost fee! the weight of him on your shoulders the minute he stepped into the room.

He Pushes Through 'Em Like He Was Acquainted.

Course, there was no mystery about why Mellish showed up at the Corrugated gen'ral offices about once every so often. Old Hickory ain't much of a hand at workin' up a long pension roll; but T. Courtney seems to have got his name down at the head of the list. Anyway, he never appeared to miss makin' a touch when he came after it.

A relic of better days, Mellish was. Six or eight years ago he'd been sort of confidential secretary to an uncle who was makin' quite a splurge jugglin' industrials down in Wall Street; but the panic had put Uncle all to the bad, and when he went out of business Courtney was left stranded with a fairly complete wardrobe of custom made clothes, a college education, and a highly cultivated taste for lobster Newburgh.

For a time he drifted from one broker's office to another, wherever friends could jam him in; but he didn't seem to fit very well anywhere. At last, though, they gave him up as hopeless, and those who didn't drop him entirely got into the habit of tossin' him a ten or so when they couldn't dodge him.

You wouldn't suspect Old Hickory'd be in that class; but it turns out he was. And, as near as I could figure, Mellish never had any more claim on him than on any of the rest. They'd met a few times in Uncle's office before the grand smash came, and that was all; but ever since I've been with the Corrugated we've had the pleasure of a call from Courtney about once in three months, and he's always slipped out smirkin' humble and grateful, with a check gripped tight in his right hand.

And, as I said, it was always Piddie who'd spot him, extend the welcome hand, and smuggle him in prompt to within easy touchin' distance of Mr. Ellins. Trust Piddie! Even the nephew of an ex-plute was enough for him to get limber necked over. Besides, Courtney could do the mealy mouthed society gabble like a cotillion leader; so Piddie knew he must be the real thing, and treated him accordin'.

HERE the other day, though, when T. Courtney sidles in through the door humble and expectant, Piddie happens to be laid up at home with a bad cold, and the only one to extend the fraternal mitt was me. And, say, I just couldn't do it.

"Ah—er—I beg pardon," says Courtney, "but could I speak with Mr. Piddie?"

"Sure," says I, "if you want to blow a quarter against a Jersey call on the long distance. He's home."

"Oh—ah!" observes Courtney, shiftin' from one foot to the other. "Then perhaps you would be so kind as to present my card to Mr. Ellins?"

Hanged if he don't flash a reg'lar callin' card, too, with "T. Courtney Mellish" engraved in old English! It's some pocket worn, and there's a few thumbprints on it; but it's a perfectly good card, for all that.

"Save it," says I, handin' it back. "You may need it next time. I'll tell him you're here."

"Ah, thank you—thank you very much!" murmurs Courtney, backin' over to the settee and slumpin' down patient with a newspaper wrapped bundle on his knee.

And there was nothin' left for me to do but trot in with the announcement. I finds Old Hickory with his desk piled full of noon mail and two stenographers busy takin' dictation; but, as Piddie always rates Courtney as preferred business, I follows suit.

"That Mellish duck's out there," says I.

"Eh?" says Mr. Ellins, shootin' a puzzled glance at me from under the heavy eyebrows. "What Mellish duck?"

"The travelin' collection box," says I, "T. Courtney."

"Oh!" says he. "You mean Mr. Mellish, do you?"

"If you're partic'lar," says I, "make it Mister."

"Huh!" grunts Old Hickory, and I knew by that imitation smile of his I'd got in bad at the jump. "Well, see that you do make it Mister hereafter. And to help you remember, young man, I will tell you that Mr. Mellish once held quite a responsible position, which he lost through no fault of his own."

"Yes, I've heard that from Piddie," says I.

"Have you?" says he. "Then perhaps you will allow me to add that I consider Mr. Mellish a thoroughly deserving as well as a most singularly unfortunate person."

"Yes, Sir," says I. "Maybe I'd best rush him right in, then?"

And I don't know whether it was seein' Old Hickory get up on his ear so sudden, or the shocked way the two lady typists was gawpin' at me, but I couldn't help grinnin' at 'em. Mr. Ellins don't miss the byplay, either.

"It appears," he goes on sarcastic, "that you find something amusing in this affair."

"Me?" says I. "Why, it ain't any of my fun'ral, I guess. I don't know—"

"Out with it, now!" breaks in Old Hickory. "What's funny about Mellish—or me?"

And there's no use tryin' to sidestep when he comes at you that way. My rule is to give it to him straight. "Why," says I, "from the side lines it looks like a case of a smooth grafter meetin' an easy mark."

The typewriter ladies gasped, and I looked for nothin' less than a boiler explosion myself; but you never can tell about Old Hickory. He blows out a cylinder head when you least expect it, and then, when you're bracin' yourself for a reg'lar Vesuvius act, he keeps as cool as a cake of ice. This was one of his frappéd times.

"Indeed!" says he, reachin' into a pigeonhole and pullin' out a letter. "Then we will just give you an object lesson, my son, on the folly of unfounded prejudice. Here is a recent letter from Mr. Mellish which states his case fully. While you are waiting outside, read it. I'll ring when I'm ready to see you again."

Say, there's no rubber stamp to Old Hickory, is there? He's equal to makin' out a new program for every move on the board, he is! If he wants to roast you—why, before you know it, you're done to a crisp; and if he don't—well, he hands you his private correspondence to read.

IT was an odd frameup, though,—Courtney roostin' placid on one side of the rail, and me on the other goin' over the evidence. And I must say that for a touch episode this Exhibit A was a work of art. It's written neat and careful in a round, flourishy hand, with reg'lar rosettes at the bottoms of the upper case I's, and all the final G's and Y's finished off with shaded dadoes below the line. Yes, and the word paintin' was some flossy, too.

"ESTEEMED AND RESPECTED SIR," it starts out: "Once more I venture to address you on the matter of my ill starred fortunes. Sitting here in my squalid tenement, my very soul racked by remorse and pity for the wretched loved ones who so patiently share the unkind Fate that seems so remorselessly to pursue me, I am forcing numbed fingers to plead their cause in my own poor way."

There was more of this preliminary stuff; but it was when Courtney really gets down to details that he begun to spread the local color on thick. Most of one page was all about little Master Ellins Mellish; so it looked

Copyright, 1912, by Sewell Ford. All rights reserved.

He'd Made a Quick Shift of Costume.

like he'd named one of the kids after Old Hickory. Accordin' to description, Master Ellins was bad off.

"A fever, brought on by lack of nourishment and a heavy cold on the chest," goes on the letter, "is the probable cause of his pitiable condition. At least, we hope it is no worse. But it tears my heartstrings, esteemed friend, when I sit by his little white cot, watching the menacing flush deepen in his thin cheeks, see his big, restless eyes turned appealingly on me, and feel his frail, hot fingers clasp mine. Poor little lad! I have told him just now that I would hesitate no longer, that I would pocket my pride and write at once to his kind and generous godfather."

He also mentions his "true hearted and long suffering Dora, my angel wife"; also "little Virginia" and "Baby Ralph—bless him!" You could even see some of the scenery as plain as if you was on the spot,—the dingy windows, the rusty stove with only a handful of fire in it, and the half loaf of dry bread on the table. And, honest, it had me goin'! You can josh all you want to about the agony work some of these magazine writers throw into Christmas stories and such; but, say, I've seen some hard luck cases myself that couldn't be exaggerated.

So maybe I was swallowin' a little difficult as I folds the letter and starts starin' out at Mellish. He sure looked the part to the life too, in that rusty black cutaway with most of the buttons missin', and the collar with the fringe effect on the wings, and the frazzled tie, and the patent leather shoes cracked across the instep, and—

But about then I stopped gulpin' down lumps of sympathy. It had snowed most of the forenoon, and the sidewalks was a couple of inches deep with slush; but the soles of T. Courtney's old patent leathers was as dry as a bone. Had he come all the way from his squalid tenement in a taxi, then? Either that, or else there was a perfectly good pair of storm rubbers done up in that newspaper parcel on his knee. Sure enough, startin' with that clue, I could make 'em out where one end wa'n't wrapped careful.

And it was while I was squintin' at the bundle I notices Courtney's fingernails. Don't take any trained sleuth, either, to tell the diff'rence between a home parin' job done with a pair of shears, and that artistic pointed effect with the glossy finish that the manicures put on. Why, all the halfmoons was showin' and some of the fingertips was still pink from the lusterite that had been used lavish. And, while there's a two days' growth of beard on Courtney's chin, you could see by the sharp line his hair has in front of his ears that he's been in a barber's chair inside of a week, anyway.

"Huh!" thinks I. "This looks like—"

BUT just then the buzzer goes off and I hops up to go on the carpet again. Old Hickory has shooed out the typists, lit a fresh cigar, and is tilted back easy and restful.

"Well?" says he.

"It's a winner," says I, handin' over the letter, "specially that part about little Master Ellins."

"Yes, yes," says he, wavin' one hand fretful. "Named the boy after me—blasted impudence, as I told him when I heard about it! But, then, it's done and—and I can't see such people starve before my very eyes, can I?"

"Been and looked 'em over yourself, then?" says I.

"Why, it amounts to the same thing," says he. "I sent Mr. Piddie, and he made a thorough investigation."

"Oh, Piddie did, did he?" says I.

"Certainly," says Mr. Ellins. "He went to the place, somewhere on Allen-st., I think."

"Yes, that's the address given in the letter," says I. "Piddie may be all right as an investigator, too; but—"

"Well, what then?" snaps Old Hickory.

"Nothing much," says I, "only manicurin' must be mighty cheap on the East Side these days."

"Manicuring! What has that to do with this case?" he demands.

I explains that, and one or two other points, which sets Old Hickory to puffin' hard on his cigar.

"Humph!" he snorts, after a minute or two. "Storm rubbers and polished fingernails! So that proves Mr. Piddie a fool, does it? And I'm a doddering old idiot, eh?"

"I ain't rubbin' it in," says I. "I was only puttin' it up to you the way I saw it."

"Oh, really!" says he, chewin' his cigar vicious. "Well, it occurs to me, young man, that you see altogether too much that isn't so. There's such a thing, you know, as being too thundering smart. This is a sample."

"Just as you say, Sir," says I, flushin' up and bitin' my lip.

"No, it isn't merely because I say it," he comes back. "Facts talk. That's all I go by,—plain, simple facts,—while you, you come in here with—"

"Say, I've had a hot chance to produce any facts, ain't I?" says I.

"Eh?" says he, whirlin' around. "Why—why—there is something in that. Yes, and, by the seven suffering sisters! you shall have your chance! Of course, I'm not anxious to discover that I've been played for a sucker; but if it's so I ought to know it. What do you suggest?"

"I ain't got anything special in mind," says I; "but if I could have a few hours on the trail I might dig up something, one way or another."

"Done!" says Old Hickory. "Here, hand Mellish this twenty as you go out, tell him to have in a good doctor, and that he's to report to me tomorrow for more funds."

"And do I get some time off for sleuthin'?" says I.

"The rest of the afternoon, if you like," says he. "Only no more dime novel deductions. Stick to facts."

"I'll stick to Mellish," says I.

IT wa'n't any easy job, though. For all his meek ways and droopy eyelids, T. Courtney was no dope. I had to jump down four flights and grab an express elevator while he was waitin' for a local, and at that I only hit the main floor just in time to see him disappearin' through the swing doors on the Broadway side.

I didn't even dare board the same downtown surface car, for he's standin' on the back platform; but I gets the one next behind, and as they was runnin' on close schedule I was near enough to see him drop off with a green transfer slip in his hand. There was a crush on the crosstown trolley; so I took the chance and made it on a sprint, and when Courtney gets out at Grand and Allen-sts. I was only third off behind him.

A few minutes more, and I knew the Allen-st. tenement wa'n't any wild fiction. It's all Courtney had described, with a garbage can decoratin' either side of the doorway, and a gang of dirty kids playin' on the steps. He pushes through 'em like he was acquainted, too.

And, say, as I hangs up across the way and looks over, maybe you can guess the foolish feelin' that hits me about then. It got worse than that as I thought of the youngster with the fever, back in some dark room there; and Mrs. Mellish, waitin' anxious for Courtney to come back from where I'd been doin' my best to queer him. Honest, I was countin' up what coin I had on me, and figurin' whether it would be best to blow it against a good sirloin roast and fixin's on my own hook, or put it in an envelope and send it in by one of the kids, when—well, out comes Mellish himself.

That is, it was a party of his gen'ral build and complexion. The shoulder sag was gone, though, and he had his chin up, and he was swingin' a dinky cane jaunty. Also he'd made a quick shift of costume, swapped the back number derby for an English cloth hat that matched the tweed slip-on topcoat, and he even had on another collar and tie.

No, he didn't seem to be rushin' out for a doctor; for he stops on the sidewalk long enough to light a cigarette before he starts swingin' back to Grand-st.

WAS I quittin' at that? Not me! Old Hickory had called for facts, and I was out collectin' all there was. From then on gettin' 'em was a cinch, too; so there ain't any use goin' into details about how I does the faithful shadow act until he fin'lly dodges through the front door of one of them neat but moderately expensive joints up in the 30's where they have furnished suites for bachelors only.

It wa'n't so excitin' a trip chasin' back alone to Allen-st.; but I wanted to be dead sure. Besides, that gave Courtney time to get well settled where I'd left him. So an hour or so later, when I did push past the hall-boy at the bach. roost, and insist on bein' shown up to Mr. Mellish at once, I was all primed.

"Come in," sings out Courtney real cheerful as I jabs the button.

Why shouldn't he be chirky? Here he is, all dolled up in one of them long, quilted silk loungin' robes, his feet in a pair of red Romeo slippers, and him stretched out lazy in a big leather chair, one of the latest and naughtiest thrillers open in his lap, and the cigarettes handy at his elbow.

"Gee!" says I, glancin' around. "This is what I calls real comfy."

And T. Courtney, he never bats an eyelash. Maybe he did lose a little color as it dawns on him who the butt-in is; but there's nothing like any panic motions.

"Ah!" says he. "My sunny haired young friend from the Corrugated."

"You're a great describer, Mellish," says I. "Friend is good."

"Oh, I trust that will follow, at least," says he, reachin' out for the dope sticks and pushin' 'em over. "You'll not smoke? Perfectly right, my son, perfectly right. And I presume you are looking for my Uncle Thomas. So am I. You see, I've made myself quite at home. These are his quarters, you know."

"Can it, Courtney!" says I. "It's a good bluff to think up so quick; but it won't stand a call. Uncle Thomas is occupyin' permanent quarters out at Greenwood. I've been down to Allen-st., too."

"Oh, indeed!" says Mellish.

"Uh-huh," says I, "lookin' for little Master Ellins, of the restless eye and fevered brow, also for true hearted Dora, and little Virginia, and 'Baby Ralph—bless him.'"

"Well?" says Courtney, flickin' his cigarette careless.

"It's a swell plant, Courtney," says I, "and I expect with any kind of notice you could produce the whole picture; but what I found was an unfurnished room with your business costume draped on a chair. And little Abie Zinzheimer tells me he does the feverish che-ild business at fifty cents a throw. Must be a reg'lar Belasco touch, that an' the little white cot."

"What of it?" remarks Courtney. "One must live."

"Oh, sure!" says I. "But you don't waste all that scenic effect just on Piddie and Mr. Ellins, though. Got quite a list of come-ons, ain't you?"

"Possibly," says he; "but none who cannot well afford the luxury of soothing a troubled conscience with the blessed balm of private charity. But come: if you have an officer waiting outside with a warrant, we might as well have him in."

"Who, me?" says I. "Forget it, Courtney. I ain't havin' anyone pinched; anyway, not such a star performer as you. All I'm doin' is gettin' statistics for a confidential report to back a long shot of mine."

"In that case," says Courtney, jumpin' up and openin' the door polite, "pray present my compliments to Mr. Ellins, and express my deep regret that he has ceased to be a godfather."

AND he did it without even lettin' loose a grin.

"Well, I'll be eternally gum swizzled!" gasps Old Hickory. "And I had been swallowing the whole tale, too—yes, and paying well for every dose! Hm-m-m-m! Young man, I'm going to raise your salary again."

"If that's a threat," says I, "I don't care how good a mem'ry you got, Mr. Ellins. Only don't make the envelope so fat I'll feel like I had to do stunts like this every day. Next time I might get the wrong dope."

"Gee!" Says I. "This Is What I Call Real Comfy."

DAGOBERT'S CHILDREN

VI. DAGOBERT'S REVENGE

BY L. J. BEESTON

BORDENAVE, schoolmaster of Marthe in Alsace, crept away from the inn of the Arc-en-Ciel in the darkness. In his heart was a great hope and a great anguish. At one moment he thought of the *laissez-passer* thrust into his ragged blouse,—the permit through the German lines that was to take him to his wife and his two children. And the next moment he remembered that he had betrayed his chief, and that he had sold Metz.

"What—I? I have sold Metz?" he cried, stopping in the roadway and pinching himself to make sure that he was not dreaming.

It will be recollected that he had been imposed upon by that Prussian officer who had fooled even Count Raoul Dagobert; that he had given liberty to the captive whom he believed to be William of Prussia; and that, in exchange for this liberty he had been handed a *laissez-passer* through the enemy's armies. And Dagobert, deceived by that astonishing likeness to a King, had held his supposed illustrious prisoner as hostage for the fate of Metz itself.

Only when he was alone did the hideous enormity of his treachery begin to press upon him. It was black as the night over him, heavy as the firmament of darkness. Realization gripped him with strangling fingers.

"I have done this thing—*moi!* The price of William's life was Metz, yonder, with two hundred thousand Frenchmen inside the fortifications. And now the city may fall. Great God! The blood of all those Frenchmen is already upon my soul! I have made thousands of widows because I wanted to see my wife! I have made thousands of orphans because I wanted my own children! No, no, it is impossible! I am dreaming, or else I am mad—mad—mad!"

During the next twenty-four hours no one ever knew what became of the schoolmaster of Marthe; and he himself was never able to speak about it. Presumably, overwhelmed by growing horror, his reason forsook him, and he rushed onward, a terrible object, over the roads between Metz and Gravelotte, the highways trampled into rutted mire when the retreating French armies were forced back from the last named place into the doomed city. A madman, Bordenave fled among the wreckage of ammunition wagons, battery caissons, festering horses, dead men whose livid faces stared at a livid sky. Just how long his agony lasted he could never tell; but he awoke from what seemed an eternal nightmare and found himself on a bed.

A sensation of utter weakness made itself felt before remembrance surged through Bordenave's brain. He groaned, and turned his head, which felt heavy as a ball of iron. He caught a glimpse of an open door, and beyond a few straggling dandelions growing out of waste ground. And, as he looked and wondered, a girl entered. She had a fat, red face, sleeves rolled to the top of her large, coarse arms, and she brought an odor of damp straw. Instantly she observed the wild, staring eyes of the franc-tireur fixed upon her.

AH, *mon pauvre*, so you have come back?" said the girl, folding her arms and surveying the haggard face with a goodnatured smile.

"Where have I been?" whispered Bordenave.

"In the clouds, my brave fellow."

"I have been ill?"

"*Have* been! Just listen! Of course you are perfectly well now? You will get straight up and kill the King of Prussia—and save Metz—and rescue Bazaine? *Hélas!* you did great things in your fever, I can tell you."

"How did I get here?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "We found you outside, one evening, my mother and I. That was a week ago, and—"

"A week!" gasped Bordenave.

"We could not have kept you; but since Metz capitulated the Germans have left us alone. I suppose they are all outside Paris. God grant that in there is no other Marshal Bazaine—that thrice accursed traitor!"

"Ah!" groaned the schoolmaster. "The city fell? Is that it?"

"There were a hundred and eighty thousand Frenchmen and six hundred guns, and they are lost to France." The eyes of the peasant girl flashed fire. For a moment she was transfigured.

"I want to get up!" cried Bordenave in a heartbroken voice.

"Try."

He made the attempt, and sank back as if lifeless. The girl half smiled and went out.

For seven more days the schoolmaster of Marthe turned a thousand times on his hard bed and cursed the day of his birth. He believed that remorse would kill him; but he found himself gaining strength. Then a fixed idea took possession of him.

He would take the first opportunity of getting shot by the enemy. He owed that much to his country and to his God.

At twilight on the eighth day he dressed himself in his ragged garments which he found in a heap in a corner, and, fearing that an open leavetaking would not be allowed him, left the farm secretly.

TWO Prussian officers played chess in the best room of a three-roomed house at the end of a row of a score of whitewashed cottages, almost hovels, which was

He Felt a Crushing Weight Lifted from His Heart.

down on the maps of the German Intelligence Department as Garlesse.

It was such a miserable little hamlet that no General of the French army would ever have found it on *his* maps; but if the Prussians had paid less attention to minutiæ of this kind, and the French rather more, the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine might not have changed masters.

"Yes, it is mate, sure enough; but you do not play badly, my dear Fritz. Try again."

The officer who spoke began to rearrange the pieces, which he had found in a writing desk that had belonged to the curé of the place, who had owned the three-roomed house. But the curé and his flock had taken the alarm and vanished.

The player addressed smiled wearily. He detested chess, and played execrably; but, then, the encounter was with his superior officer, which made a difference. He was a slight wisp of a youngster, with a silken mustache; while his opponent was a giant, with florid color and a brown beard.

A third Prussian stood before the window, and drummed impatiently upon the cracked pane. He called out, "What the fiends! How this place can be of the least importance is more than I can understand. Three of us, with thirty troopers, wasting our time when all the fun is rolling toward Paris!"

He received no answer, and continued to stare gloomily into the night. He could just see a sentry standing like a statue at the country approach. Upon the road was a slight sprinkling of frost: it was the first touch of the terrible winter.

He turned fretfully. The chess players had entered upon another battle. He looked at the game with a bored air, and then took a long, black cigar from a paper of them on the floor. Even this roused his discontent.

"These filthy things! Two sous each. They say there has been no customs service on the Belgian frontier since Sedan, and I can well believe it! *Himmel!* the French have plotted with the Belgians to flood the country with these cigars in order to poison us." Receiving no attention, he tried to compel a response. "When are we going to get our marching orders, Graf?"

"When we have settled with Chanzy," growled the bearded giant. "The fool is playing at trying to cut our communications on the Loire. That is why we are here, I take it. The place is a one-horse affair, true; but if Chanzy could take it he would certainly snap a link in our chain. Be quiet! You will make me lose."

"I wish he would try to take it! *Blitzen!* that would make a change." He flung himself face upward on a springless horsehair sofa and puffed smoke to the grimy ceiling. "But no such luck. It is true that Gambetta, the Jew, has been made Minister of National Defense?"

"And escaped from Paris in a balloon," added the boy with the silken mustache.

"Bah! What lies get about!" growled his opponent. "Your opening in this game, Fritz, was worse than your last. I shall mate you in six moves. Six months since I had a really good game at chess. I wish—"

WER da?" The shrill yell of the sentry came into the room. It was answered by a shout almost as loud, followed by sounds of a scuffle. The Prussian on the sofa took a leap to the door and rushed out. He returned in a few seconds.

"A prisoner," said he curtly.

"Bring him in," ordered the German Graf.

A man with a deathly, livid face, whose knees shook under him, was brought into the room by two troopers. The flesh of his chest showed beneath his ragged gray blouse. He fixed his despairing eyeballs upon the Commandant.

"Who are you?"

"Corneille Bordenave. I was a schoolmaster. I am a franc-tireur."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Isn't that enough?"

The bearded giant raised his eyebrows. This insolence in the face of death was admirable.

"You were spying?"

"I was."

"Take him out and shoot him!"

"Thanks, *Monsieur!*" The speaker dropped German for French.

The troopers seized his arms. An expression of extraordinary contentment leaped into the captive's wild eyes. The officers exchanged glances.

"Wait!" cried the Commandant. "Look here—you have no desire to live?"

"I?" Bordenave passed his hands down his shivering figure. "Oh, yes, life is a supremely delightful thing!" said he.

The boy with the silken mustache shuddered at that frightful tone and all that it conveyed.

The Commandant looked long at the shivering captive, and Heaven only knows what was passing in his thoughts! But his face was quite immobile as he said at last, "Yes, shoot him; but search him first."

"For Bismarck's most secret plans," scoffed the third officer.

"A paper, Commandant," said one of the troopers, drawing it from the prisoner's blouse.

The officer ran his eye over it, and a low whistle of surprise broke from him. His companions ventured to look over his shoulder, and their eyes opened wider and wider.

"By Jove!" cried one in English.

"Gott in Himmel! it must be the man!" whispered the other.

It was the *laissez-passer* given to the schoolmaster by the supposed King of Prussia, in exchange for his liberty, and for which Bordenave had sold his soul.

The Commandant tapped it with the knuckle of his right forefinger, looking at the captive with a smile parting his bearded lips.

"You know what this is?" he cried not harshly.

Bordenave set his teeth.

"It is a permit signed by the Emperor, a safe conduct for you through our lines."

Bordenave refused to answer, cursing himself for having forgotten to destroy it.

The German tore it to fragments with a leisurely air.

Bordenave breathed again. So he was to die, after all!

"Do you understand the jest that was played upon you?" went on the other.

Bordenave stared.

"I see that you do not. I will explain. The story spread. You believed that you held prisoner his Majesty the Emperor, and you let him go in exchange for this paper. He was really Lieutenant Strackolz, who resembles him strangely. It was a joke, you understand. Your Count Dagobert was nicely fooled. The paper is not worth the rags that cover you, my friend."

Bordenave began to mutter incoherent cries. "A joke?" he echoed huskily. "I did not betray my master, then?" His bewildered brain failed at first to understand all that this meant to him; but as its full meaning became clear he felt a crushing weight lifted from his heart. A stream of blood rushed into his face. His eyes flashed with a strong light. He was transformed.

"A joke, *Monsieur le Commandant?*" he shouted. "You are in earnest? *Pardieu!* you must be, or you would not have destroyed that paper! Now Christ and His angels be thanked! God above, Thou art merciful to me!"

Bordenave fell upon his knees. He covered his face with his thin fingers. Racking sobs tore his body.

The boy with the mustache was attacked with a violent fit of coughing. The Commandant's face was immobile as ever. The third officer sneered. He said:

"All the same, these tears wouldn't save his neck if his Captain gets hold of him. I have heard of this Raoul Dagobert and his children. This one betrayed him by releasing the prisoner. Send him back, my Commandant. Dagobert will burn him alive, at the least."

The big German pulled at his beard thoughtfully. He fixed his round eyes on the prisoner and said nothing. And no one could possibly have guessed what he was

thinking about. He never revealed his thoughts save when he spoke, and even then he was not always to be taken seriously.

A dramatic silence ensued. Bordenave rapidly regained control of himself. He rose to his feet. An astonishing change had come over him: the transformation of one who is publicly declared innocent of a horrible crime. So, after all, the fate of those hundred and eighty thousand Frenchmen, and those six hundred pieces of artillery, was not upon his shoulders! He had set free, not the King of Prussia, but some joker! He had not drawn upon his soul the deep curse of his unhappy France! Guilty in intent, true; but a merciful Providence had saved him from the actual treachery too frightful to contemplate.

Suddenly he thought of Dagobert, and he shuddered. What a jest had been played upon him, to be sure! He imagined the Count's fury. Who had told him the truth? He saw, in a vivid mental picture, Dagobert's pallid face, the blaze of his eyes, the gleam of his teeth. Carried away by this thought, he muttered audibly:

"*Mon Dieu!* to what a revenge he will help himself!"

"Silence, you bony cur!" cried the sneerer.

The epithet brought Bordenave back to the situation. Dagobert's revenge? Alas! it would be glorious, it would be terrible; but he, Corneille Bordenave, would not live to see it. The others would be there,—Laporte the Zouave, Fouchard the maître d'armes, Jolibois, Remilly,—all the children that remained to the Captain, who were faithful to him, who had not betrayed him in that dastard Judas way. And when Bordenave recalled them, his heart sank deeper and deeper, and he groaned aloud. Two minutes ago he had smiled affectionately at death: now he longed to live with all his soul. God! what would he not give to be out of this hornets' nest into which he had purposely wandered?

THE Commandant at last broke the silence, showing by his words that if his own face never exhibited his emotions, yet he could read the faces of others. He dismissed the troopers; then he said:

"I do not imagine that you are quite so ready to die?" He stroked his beard still, watching the prisoner steadily.

Bordenave shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you play chess?"

Bordenave's eyes opened very wide. He stared from the speaker to the chessboard on the table.

"I? Why—yes," he answered.

"And well?"

"I teach it to my pupils. Yes, I have been called a good player," he replied, much astonished, but speaking without hesitation.

"Good! I will tell you what I will do. I ought to have you shot at once; but because you were hoaxed, and because I want a really good game, I will make you a simple offer. We shall play together three times. If you win two of those games, you will be at liberty to depart. I pledge you my word. On the other hand, if I win two— You understand me?"

"I die, *Monsieur le Commandant.*"

"I pledge you my word that you shall. Fritz, arrange the pieces."

"Ah, ah!" murmured the franc-tireur. "My star is rising higher and higher. I have regained my innocence; and now I am going to win my life. Do I play? *Pardieu!* he does not know that I have not been beaten once during the last three years!"

With eager hands Fritz placed the chessmen in position; and his fellow watcher evinced a like interest. The excitement of the unusual contest was just what the latter needed to dissipate his boredom. As for Fritz, he had taken a liking, almost, to the emotional Bordenave, whom he pitied. Not yet had the campaign turned his heart to stone; and he found himself praying that this woebegone, haggard prisoner might get out of the net.

The Commandant glanced up at his companions. He said, "This is irregular, Gentlemen; but, fiends take it! a little amusement will cheer us. If you are going to open your eyes now, you must close your lips—afterward."

They bowed assent. The first game began the next moment.

Both players opened in the style regular, moving their king's pawn to king's fourth square. For five minutes progress on both sides was small. Bordenave yawned. He had intended to act toward his opponent as a cat to a mouse; but, abandoning that idea for an attack as brilliant as it was unconventional, he forced the game. But to his amazement he was not long in making the discovery that he had met an adversary worthy of his steel. Too late he regretted the dazzling and unusual opening intended for a display of his prowess.

"Mate in three moves, I believe?" grunted the Herr Commandant.

The franc-tireur began to rearrange the pieces. "I congratulate you, Monsieur," said he politely.

The Prussian took a cigar from the package, and the boy brought him a light. He had thoroughly enjoyed the game, and was perfectly well satisfied with himself.

Play was resumed. Bordenave had learned his lesson. He adopted a waiting game, what is called the French defense, watching his opponent's line of play with the utmost caution. He perceived the stealthily veiled attack, and perceived it in time. It was frustrated, altogether upset; and after half an hour's play the German surrendered.

The boy officer drew a deep breath.

"*Blitzen!* it is a tiring game to one who doesn't understand it," complained the second watcher, and again he flung himself upon the horsehair sofa.

THE third and final contest began. Both men were in deadly earnest. The Prussian sat with his long legs doubled under his chair, and his elbows on the table, his cigar stuck out from a corner of his bearded mouth. His black, fathomless eyes glowed as he bent over the board. He had a perfect mania for his favorite game, and he felt that never more would he know such a contest as this one taking place under his nose.

For awhile neither seemed to gain an advantage. The schoolmaster of Marthe, aware that timidness would probably be fatal, at length began to press. He captured a couple of pawns, and then king's bishop. Suddenly he saw his queen's castle being removed; and the next instant he perceived that he had fallen into a trap. Was it too late to get out of this hole? Obviously he must abandon the offensive.

"Bah! I have been in uglier positions," he told himself. All the same, a trickle of sweat ran down his forehead.

The officer on the sofa got up, yawning, and cast a cursory glance at the board; then he noticed the set, pained expression on the face of the boy, and burst into a laugh.

Bordenave thought that this laugh was directed toward him. The cold dew thickened upon his forehead, and his heart began to labor heavily. Ah! if he were but playing in normal circumstances he would show this silent adversary what chess was! But he was weak through hunger; his nerves were slack through illness; and the issue of the game was too great. It lay upon him as a nightmare.

"Check!" grunted his opponent.

Bordenave moved his queen's pawn. Disaster was not yet, at any rate.

Play went on for ten more minutes. "Check!" exclaimed the Commandant again.

Bordenave fought him off.

"Check!" once more came the ominous warning.

"*Diable!* this will be my last game on earth," thought the franc-tireur. "He will beat me, and then he will keep his word and have me shot."

Which was precisely what the Herr Commandant intended.

"There are seven moves between me and death," meditated Bordenave. He looked up, and his eyes, which had in them the expression of a wearied horse upon whom wolves are closing, met those of the boy officer. There was genuine sympathy in the responding glance.

"The door is behind him," reflected the Frenchman. "He may not be in a hurry to stop me if I make a rush for it. A rush? *Tonnerre!* they would have me before I could cover ten yards."

The board seemed to move before his blurred sight. He hastened calamity by a wild move. The Prussian lifted his thick brows in mild astonishment. His finger and thumb were in the act of making the final move, when they became rigid, holding his king's bishop suspended above the board.

THE sound of a horse's hoofs rang out on the frost hardened highway. High and furious sounded this galloping of someone who rode like the wind. The sentry's challenge was answered by the shout of a voice that cried something in German, and suddenly there came a beating of a sword handle upon the door, followed immediately by the entry of a tall, lean man, with a high, thin bridged nose and a long, gray mustache. He had upon his head a czapka with scarlet plumes; and there were silver epaulets upon his shoulders. His spurred heels clanked as he strode into the room and saluted.

"Captain Shofen?" he demanded in a harsh, grating tone.

The Commandant, controlling a scowl, rose from the table. He returned the salute and took the despatch the messenger handed to him, tearing it open viciously.

His companions watched him. But Corneille Bor-

Continued on page 15

"There Are Seven Moves Between Me and Death," Meditated Bordenave.

HER WORD OF HONOR

BY EDITH MACVANE

CHAPTER XVI.

I MUST own, however, that Henry's first move after dinner compelled my admiration. I saw him speaking for a moment with Miss Carroll. She's kind and pleasant, Miss Carroll, and not at all a flirt, as Aunt Elizabeth said. The next moment she came over to where Victor and I were standing together and invited us—so sweetly!—to come and look at the collection of boats, models that Henry's father had left.

"There's every kind of punt and galley and junk that was ever invented, Mr. Cobb," she said, "and I rely on you to explain them all to me. I hear you're extraordinarily clever at that sort of thing."

Victor, bristling with gratified vanity, professed himself quite willing to act as the lady's teacher. So she invited two or three others to accompany them—and she managed so well that before I knew it Victor was holding forth to an attentive audience of girls at one end of a long, dimly lit gallery, and Henry and I were examining Sudanese jewelry at the other.

Henry looked at me coldly, and my heart sank. "You seemed very well entertained at dinner, Mademoiselle," he said.

Ah! I understood! He was jealous—jealous of Victor! I burst into unsteady laughter. "I was trying to persuade him—to refuse to marry me," I said.

He drew a long breath, and I saw by his face that he wanted to take me in his arms, as he had done that day in the water. The blood ran to my head, I felt all giddy and light and happy—oh, so wickedly, piercingly happy! We smiled at each other.

"I'm ridiculous, forgive me," he said; "but somehow, to see you with that fellow— Listen, Lili!" he interrupted himself hurriedly. "We have only a few moments to speak together and much to be said. You know what I feel toward you—don't you? These days that you have been my mother's guest, I have tried to respect you and your situation as another man's promised wife. It's been a tough struggle; but I've kept my mouth shut—haven't I? Haven't I? Look at this pendant! The carving of these turquoises is considered very remarkable."

For a moment, as the conversation at the other end of the hall subsided, he thrust a large lump of a silver ornament into my hands. I touched it mechanically with a wandering finger. Ah! to be near Henry, to see his face and hear his voice, to speak with him at last heart open to heart!

"But tonight, Lili, my mother has come to me with the most extraordinary story—the most amazing! Listen! Have I understood it rightly? Is it true in the first place that Mother knew your family long ago in France, and that you came to America with the single object of finding her?"

Ah, my family! Even to this son of hers, she had not spoken of Papa. No, the dear, long-dead past, I saw, was to remain forever a secret between Harriet and me. Somehow, the thought, striking through the confusion of the moment, drew me closer to her, nearer in spirit even than to her son. Ah! the dear, dear friends that tonight I must leave forever!

"Listen, Lili. And is it true also that you are marrying this fellow Cobb only on account of a compact made with his mother before your arrival at New York; that if you could not find us, your friends, you would enter the house of Mrs. Cobb; that she should give you her protection and supply your needs, and that you in turn should marry her son?"

I felt my face burn with shame. How ugly it sounded, our bargain, how sordid, thus stated by the person whose respect I wanted, more than anyone else's in the world!

"Yes," I answered feebly, forcing myself to tell the truth, "that was our understanding. But please don't think too badly of me for consenting to it. You see, I had been brought up to ideas of marriage very different from those you have here, you other Americans. Oh, I've changed so much, I've learned so much, since I've been here in America! But then it seemed quite natural, and my duty besides, to accept the husband picked out for me by someone older and cleverer than I. To be sure, I had never seen him; but, on the other hand, he was willing to take me without a sou of dowry. That was my great difficulty, after all. You see, poor Papa had misfortunes before he died—and there I was before New York, not knowing a single soul, with Geneviève on my back, and only five hundred francs in the whole world!"

"Poor little girl!" Henry's voice actually shook, and his eyes were—oh, so kind as he looked at me, but with something behind them that made me tremble too! "Poor, beautiful little thing! After all, you might have fallen into worse hands than Mrs. Cobb's. But, God knows, hers were bad enough! Look here—this infamous compact, you are sure it was made before your arrival at New York?"

"It was made on the sea—in the harbor, before we landed." I began to tremble—what was coming now?

"But on the steamer, I mean. The conditions were explained to you, you had given your promise assenting to them *before* you left the ship, and not after? The compact was made between you and Mrs. Cobb, that is, before your foot had touched American soil?"

"Yes—yes!"

"LILI, come here!" It was Victor's voice.

I turned faint and ill with vexation; but what could I do? He advanced toward me with a little boat model in his hand. "Lili, see this junk! Isn't it a peach? Let's have one made for our wedding trip, instead of the Brunhilda, shall we?"

Victor was in great spirits, so much was plain. The champagne he had drunk, the thought of his approaching independence, Miss Carroll's beauty and obliging flatteries,—all these influences had combined to exalt him and make him very ready to claim me as his property before this roomful of people. Oh, the unhappiness, the degradation, of that moment, as I realized that to his words, as to his glance, I had no choice but to submit, and smile submissively! *La Belle Scheherazade*, they called me, did they? Never was Scheherazade half so much a slave as I, and by no recounting of a thousand tales, or a million either, could I hope ever, ever to be free!

But what, after all, was Henry on the point of telling me? I burned with impatience. I could have killed poor Victor at that moment, as he went on making his silly jokes about the junk and our Chinese honeymoon and the ragout of mouse we'd eat together—disgusting! But finally Miss Carroll, in response to an imploring glance from Henry, had the happy thought of proposing that Victor delight the company with a song.

"I've heard you sing the coster songs most deliciously, Mr. Cobb. And I'll play your accompaniment. Is it a bargain?"

"Sure!" Victor, always ready to show off his voice, beamed with gratified vanity. Then, turning, "You come, Lili?"

It was his Sultan look and tone. I stood confused, daring neither to follow nor to stay behind. But Miss Carroll, the dear angel, showed herself a champion not easily defeated. She pouted enchantingly.

"No, Mr. Cobb, you've promised to sing 'Dear Lizer' for me—and this time it's to be for *me* and not for your fiancée. I don't care if you are jealous, Mademoiselle. Besides, we are sometimes said to look alike; though perhaps I flatter myself too horribly. Would it be too much of a strain to make the illusion for five minutes, dear Mr. Cobb?"

"I'm coming, Victor!" I hastened to add. But Miss Carroll had already borne him off, hypnotized.

AND in a moment the doleful strains of one of those abominable London songs came floating endlessly from a distant room. The other people one by one melted away. Henry leaned toward me.

"Listen, Lili! I have to tell you: such a compact as you entered into with Mrs. Cobb and by which you fancy yourself bound, is by the laws of these United States entirely null and void!"

The room swam around me. I was conscious of Henry's hand upon my arm, holding me up. "What?" I gasped. "I'm free? You mean, my promise doesn't hold me? You mean—what do you mean?"

"I mean," he answered slowly and distinctly, so that I might understand every word, "that such an agreement as you describe is by American law utterly illegal; as Mrs. Cobb, the widow of a business man and a first rate business woman herself, they say, ought to have known—indeed, probably did know. Did you never hear, Lili, of the Contract Labor Law?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head. But I clung to the impressive sounding word on Henry's lips, as the other day in the water I had clung to his arm. "No, I never did."

"To be sure, how should you? But here in this country, Lili, we have a law forbidding an alien, before his arrival here, from entering into any contract whatsoever providing for his employment after he lands. That law, Lili, you broke!"

"Ah!" I shuddered. In the very thought of the law in any country, but especially in a strange one, there is something awful and imposing; and the idea that one has broken it— Was I, Lili, a lawbreaker? In proposing to keep my word and carrying out an obligation more replusive than death, was it possible that I was offending the laws of this new country where I found myself, which already I loved so much? Oh, dear and blessed country where they make such laws! Oh, dear and happy thought, which perhaps was to set me free! The idea glanced through my brain, Mrs. Stuart was right, more right than Mrs. Cobb about *her* son, when she said to me that Henry was "extraordinarily clever"! I began to speak incoherently.

"What? Is it true? The law is like that, is it? A contract entered into before landing in America? Yes, certainly we hadn't landed yet! But," a cold thought struck me, "you spoke of 'employment.' I just promised to marry Victor. Perhaps that wasn't employment, after all." My voice trailed away and broke into tears.

"For the employment of your time, for the disposal of your person, in return for a pecuniary compensation?" Henry returned with violence. "If that's not a contract of employment in its crudest sense, what is? You yourself own there was no question of sentiment on either side. Did Mrs. Cobb invite you to her house, offer you protection and maintenance, as an act of disinterested friendship; and then, as an act of friendship on your part; beg you to lend her your social influence, and offer you the opportunity of marriage with her son?"

I shook my head. "No, unless I gave my word of honor to marry Victor, and to get Aunt Elizabeth to present her at Court, there was not even a question of my entering her door. But then I was a stranger to her—why should she bother—"

Henry interrupted me triumphantly. "You see! All the qualities of a contract, in their purest form. That is, the special action on each side was to be made wholly conditional on the performance of a certain specified action on the other. Unless you rendered her payment by entering her house, by giving her the disposal of your person, name, and social influence, and by marrying her son, she was not obliged to spend a single dollar on you. And you, on your side, unless she paid you by giving you your maintenance,—that is your board, clothing, pocket money, traveling expenses, etc.,—you were not to be obliged—"

"But, oh," I cried, "she has!" In spite of my agony at the admission, the mere necessity of telling the truth tore the words from me. "She has! She's kept her word to the last letter of it, and more! Look! These pearls, this satin dress, she gave me. She gave me my home here, my beautiful home, the automobiles that I go out in, the money in my purse, the very opportunity to meet you—you and your dear mother! She's kept nothing back, not even her only son, which she thinks the finest present of all!" Beneath the tortured touch of my fingers I felt my little lace handkerchief (another present from Mrs. Cobb; value, a hundred francs) dissolving its fine-spun meshes into shreds. "Oh!" I cried with tears, "when she has kept her part of the compact to the very letter, how can I refuse to perform mine?"

"For that very reason," answered Henry with intensity. "Because the very fact that, in return for what you have received from her, you yourself have a pledged duty to perform, proves the existence of a contract; and a contract made in such circumstances as this one is legally no contract at all; is, in fact, in and of itself, a grave offense against the laws of this land. Darling, don't you understand? The promise that held you is no promise at all. Your delicate scruples that do you so much honor are absolutely without basis in fact. You are free, Dearest! Don't you understand you are free?"

I stood stupidly, still with the great silver and turquoise ornament dangling from my hand. This, then, was the end? The strangling mesh that had held me—so lightly, so easily, as this it was to be thrown off, after all? Here, then, was the goal toward which for so many sad weeks and by so many tortuous ways I had been traveling? After all the philosophy and the struggles and the tears, this was what had been waiting for me all the time—just Henry with his arms outstretched? I let the precious lump of silver go crash to the floor, and held out my two hands to him with a little cry.

"Oh, I love you!" I said. Probably it wasn't right for me to speak that way, before he had said it. But I couldn't help it, it was the truth. "Oh, I love you, I love you so!" I heard myself gasping, over and over again.

HENRY glanced quickly round. In the long room we were alone together. The next instant I felt his arms around me, just like the other day. But this time there was no icy water crawling between us, nothing to keep us apart any more. For a moment he held me close—so close, it seemed that my heart had stopped beating, and my lips were no longer mine, but his.

Then, with a long sigh that seemed to tear all the breath from his body, he released me. "My beauty," he said, "my precious, my own, my very own! Then it is settled, this other miserable business is over and done with, and you marry me?"

Whether it was the law he had just expounded to me, or just the wordless influence of his lips, which tingled through my body like a strange drug, I cannot tell you. But my will power ran from me, the scruples that this afternoon had seemed so important were no longer more than an ancient prejudice already outgrown and forgotten. In my whole being there was room for no more than one gigantic fact,—I was Henry's and he was mine! My very arms knew him for mine, my very lips claimed him! Therefore, was not any idea that might keep me apart from him intrinsically wrong and false?

But I did not think all this: I only felt it. When we are very happy I find that we do not think. And I was happy at last. Oh, divine revelation! Oh, wild and tender moment when Henry stood there beside me with the love in his eyes and bent my will to his own!

"Lili, say, 'I've been a little fool'!"

"I've been a little fool," I repeated breathlessly; then added, laughing at myself, "and it's true too!"

"Such a darling, crazy little fool with your scruples and your talk about compacts and promises and honor! I'll take care of your honor now, my little Lili! Listen, tonight you'll stay here with my mother? And tomorrow you'll marry me?"

"Oh! Oh!" I cried, and my laughter changed to a sob in my throat. Too much! Ah! was it not too much,

It Seemed That My Heart Had Stopped Beating.

if at the end of my long search I had at last found you, my husband, and you are Henry after all?"

"Yes. Tomorrow morning we will telephone all over the island, if need be, till we find a minister to marry us, and a priest too if you wish, Darling. The more they marry us, the better! Then off in the auto—our auto, you remember it?—for New York. Then, on the first steamer that has places vacant for us, we sail for France. You'll like that, my little love?"

"Oh! Oh!" I could only gasp. He was too good, and I was too happy!

"Then that's settled. I'll tell Adams immediately to get New York tomorrow morning, the very instant that the agency opens, to engage our suite. And in New York you can buy whatever you need for your trip. For you keep nothing, that's understood, that that woman gave you!"

"Ah! Mrs. Cobb!" I began to tremble: the mere syllables of her name seemed like dreadful teeth, gnawing and crunching the flowers of my dream. "Oh, Henry! I'm so afraid! Perhaps, after all, she won't let you—"

"She won't be asked!" He towered up, strong and splendid enough to conquer a whole regiment of Mrs. Cobbs and Victors too. Oh, how I admired him, how I loved him, how I wanted him! And he was mine—mine!

"Listen!" he said. "You'll go to bed immediately, please. I'll ask my mother to tell the people you have a bad headache and had to retire. Meanwhile I'll just invite Mrs. Cobb into my private study and explain to her how the case stands."

"Ah!" I looked at him, speechless at so much bravery. How differently he spoke from Victor, an hour ago! He smiled at me.

"To get you, my beauty, my love, I'd fight Apollyon himself; so, with the law on my side, I think I can manage poor Mrs. Cobb. Of course, I'll explain to her that every penny she has spent on you shall be refunded, down to these cursed wedding cards and the wedding cake itself, if she has ordered it. The wedding cake!—Excuse me, Sweetheart, but I think I'm a little bit off my head tonight."

He stood staring at me with a kind of dazed look in his eyes, and I could see that nothing was farther from his idea, after all, than saying goodnight and letting me go. But the hour was growing late, our absence would be remarked, Mrs. Cobb would be coming for me to go home—

"Henry," I implored him, "please get it over with! Go and find her at once!"

"I'm going, Dearest. So you authorize me to speak to her as your lawyer, of course? For, naturally, we say nothing of our marriage tonight. No, that comes to her as a glad surprise!"

"As you like, dear Henry. You know so much better than I. Look how I have bungled my affairs all by myself, and have to leave you to get me out! But at once, please!"

"Very well, Sweetheart. Look! Here's a door that you can go upstairs by, without passing all that crowd. I say, Fanny Carroll's a corker, isn't she? It's she that's kept the crowd away and given us this chance to talk. My precious one, my adored one! For the last time that we shall have to say it to each other, goodnight!"

HE kissed me, opened the door, and I fled upstairs. The blood was pounding in my ears, my head seemed floating off in a kind of dim mist. Poor old Geneviève, who had made up all the luggage and was sitting there among the valises waiting to be off, was amazed at my sudden appearance with the order to put me to bed where I had slept for the last two nights.

"I find myself a little unwell, Geneviève. We have decided that, after all, it's better that I sleep here tonight and leave in the morning."

For, Geneviève, even though she's a dear old thing, was not a person to be taken into my confidence. No, our beautiful plans should remain a secret between my well beloved and me, for a few sweet hours yet.

"Give me a peignoir, Geneviève, and take down my hair."

Ten minutes later, as I was lying on the sofa, and Geneviève was bathing my forehead with Lily of the Valley water, I heard a light tap at my door. Was it Mrs. Stuart? Or was it Mrs. Cobb, forcing herself past Henry's explanations, coming to demand me with all her natural violence? But—oh, I was not her stupid boy Victor, to be bullied as she chose! I had Henry on my side, I had the law on my side, and I was not afraid to stand up for my rights!

Meanwhile, Geneviève was opening the door; and to my surprise not one form but two sailed in, one in lilac, the other in pale gray. But above their immaculate dinner toilets Mrs. Stuart's face glowed a disfiguring crimson, Mrs. Cobb's showed an odd and livid white. Suddenly my heart, swelled with joy and courage so immeasurable, shrank as it seemed to the size of a pinpoint. I heard Mrs. Cobb speaking, in a voice whose sweetness contrasted oddly with her drawn and excited look.

"Mrs. Stuart, I thank you more than I can tell for your kindness toward this dear child, even for that excess of goodness which fears the effect of her seeing me; but I can assure you, your fears are groundless. Lili, my dear little daughter, how are you feeling now?"

With the most affectionate air in the world, she came and knelt down by my sofa; but the face she bent over me was so terrible that I closed my eyes.

"Better," I murmured, "quite well now."

"My poor darling! All this excitement, this fatigue, has been too much for her. Mrs. Stuart, I think perhaps you were right, and the strain of seeing more than one person at a time may be too much for her. This poor little girl of mine! Yes, I think, Mrs. Stuart, that you were entirely right."

At this turning against her of her own guns, I could see Mrs. Stuart blanch and bristle; but what could a creature gentle and sweet as she do against an embodied force like the woman who knelt over me? "Oh, stay! stay!" I wanted to cry out loud. But Mrs. Cobb's eyes were on me, through my closed lids I felt them, and I dared not speak.

"Very well then, for five minutes," I heard Mrs. Stuart say in an irresolute tone. The next minute I heard the door close softly.

GENEVIÈVE, are Mademoiselle's trunks ready?" The manner of this question, this contemptuous passing over of me and my possible wishes, roused my spirit. Throwing off my old nurse's hand and the perfume soaked cloth, I sat bolt upright with wide open eyes.

"No, dear Mrs. Cobb. I have decided not to go home tonight, after all. You see, Mrs. Stuart has been so kind as to—"

"Geneviève, you may leave the room!"

Though Mrs. Cobb's French accent might leave some room for doubt, her gesture could not. The next moment we were alone. And Mrs. Cobb, having with cautious motions opened all the doors and peered without, came back to the sofa again. As for me, I remembered the toolhouse in the garden and braced myself to fight for my rights. This indomitable woman should see at last that she had met her match!

But when she spoke it was in a quiet, suppressed sort of voice.

"Lili, I can see that you're expecting me to make a scene—just as Mrs. Stuart expected when an instant ago, with rather misplaced officiousness, she tried to prevent me from entering your room. I'm not going to make a scene, my dear child; so don't clench your fists and roll your big black eyes. I'm not going to remind you of the position in which, by your desertion of us in the eleventh hour, you place my son and me. We discussed that fully this afternoon. You know as well as I do the ruin that you're making; so we'll leave that topic alone. I have come merely to ask you, Is it true, this story that I hear now from Henry Stuart, who tells me that he acts as your attorney?"

Before her violence, how easily I had defended myself! But this tragic gentleness cut the ground from beneath my feet, and my heart quivered to perceive the sudden aging of her appearance. At the dinner table she had appeared, as usual, well preserved, discreetly powdered, almost young; but now—what an old, old woman bent her bitter face above me!

"So it's the provisions of the Contract Labor Law," she said, "that release you from your promise to me. Very ingenious, upon my word, and the idea reflects tremendous credit upon the legal astuteness of young Mr. Stuart! Only, you see, I never thought of being clever. If I had, I might have articles properly drawn up after our arrival in New York, and regularly signed and sealed. In fact, I might have done so if I had picked you up out of the steerage, and engaged you as my cook; but, you see, I took you for a lady, and I didn't ask you to be my cook: I asked you to be my daughter—"

It was not so easy, after all, to defend my side! But with feeble resolution I tried to parry some of her accusations, even unspoken:

"I know," I said, "that according to your part of the contract you have spent a great deal of money on me. That money, Mrs. Cobb, shall be returned to the last centime. And the jewels—" I began pulling at the huge solitaire still sparkling on my hand.

Her face burned a dull red, and I suddenly felt a new

A Hint to the Homeless

By
FRANKLIN O. KING

My Friend—Do you remember the Home of Your Boyhood—in the Country? Most City Men *were* Born in the Country, and most of their Children's Children *will be* Born in the Country, and the Reasons are Many and Obvious. If you were born in the Country, You will never Forget the Old Home. It was just a simple, unpretentious House, set about with big trees, with circling meadows and fields rich with the promise of harvest.

Inside the House was the Table spread with snowy linen, the Big restful Beds, the Old Open Fireplace, and the old Family Bible, holding the simple annals of the Family and the Heart and Conscience of the Home. And when you came Home from the Fields, there was always assurance of good Things to Eat when You "Put your feet under Father's Table" for Mother was There to See to That.

Two Texas Gulf Coast Products.

In those days Father was to you The Greatest Man in all the World, and you still revere him as A Grand Old Man. He was just a plain farmer, a simple, upright man, with no Mortgage on his Roof, no Lien on his Growing Crops, Master of His Land, and Master of Himself.

I suppose You often ask Yourself why You didn't stick to the Old Home, with its assurance of Peace and Plenty. I Know Why. It was the *Call of the City*. It Lured You and Fooled You, just as it has thousands of your Fellows. You have long since learned that your Progress in the City was more apparent than Real; that You are Like the Slave on the Treadmill—always striving, but never really getting on.

And so, Today, there is Another Call that Tugs at Your Heartstrings and makes You Resolve for the Future. It is the *Call of the Country*. It is a Call that is Ever Old and Ever New, and it is Growing every Day. More and More

* * *

Please send me your book "Independence With Ten Acres"

Men are leaving the dust and grime of the City's Streets, and taking their Children out into the Clear Sunlight in the Country, where they will be as Healthy and Happy as You were in your Boyhood Home.

How about You, My Friend? Why don't You give your Boy and Girl a Square Deal and an Even Chance? You ought to Try and give Them a *Real* Home, and You ought to start NOW. And I would Further advise you to get a Home in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where you can grow Three big Crops a Year on the same Soil, without Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Thirty-three Cents a Day if You tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries, and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of $300 to $500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than $1000 an Acre growing oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring when they Command Top Prices.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of $400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a Year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly $100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantage of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are cut Practically in Half.

The Climate is extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally Disabled, Your Family, or any one else You name, will get the Farm—without the Payment of another Penny. We will absolutely Refund Your Money if you should be Dissatisfied, according to the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for Our Free Book. Fill out the blank space in the first column with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1334 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill. Read it carefully, and then use Your Own Good Judgment.

Feb. 25th, ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

emotion, shame. Yes, in speaking of the money I had put myself in the wrong, and the very fact that she kept her temper before such an unnecessary insult served only to render my position more painful and more bewildering.

"No," she said; "pay me back the money when I send my bill. Till then please remember that I'm a lady as well as your new friend Mrs. Stuart, though perhaps my blood is less blue. As for the things, keep them. What could I do with them? I don't wear pink any more, my child, and I don't wear pearls. And the diamond, keep that too, Lili, to remember Victor by; that is, if your new fiancé will let you. For I cannot doubt that the outcome of this clever trick will be you will marry Mr. Henry Stuart. All my congratulations to him and to his mother for the brilliant way thay have played their cards! They've carried off the beauty of the season. And the Duchess too, when she arrives—when she arrives for the wedding! The wedding—ah!" She caught her breath like a sob in her throat. "My poor Victor scorned and refused at the very altar! Thrown down publicly in the eyes of the whole world! Will he ever forgive me? Ah, Lili, between the two of us what a fool we have managed to make of my poor bo-oy!"

She covered her face with her two hands and wept. And the bitterness of her heart broke from her in a sudden cry.

"Oh! it serves me just right for having trusted to a Frenchwoman!"

AH! I jumped to my feet. Now indeed she had found words to flick me on the raw of my skin! Through the whirl of my exhausted spirit, a clear train of thought came suddenly forcing itself.

So I had imagined, had I, that, like the personages in those modern novels that my Uncle Porthaven at Brent forbade me to read, I had changed with my environment, made for myself a new character and a new standard of action? Because I had found America charming and delightful, I thought I had become an American and forgotten France? I had left behind me in France, had I, all those wornout traditions, all those moldy ideas of chivalry, that had brought more than one Vauquières to a perfectly unnecessary death, that quite needlessly had stripped my dear papa of his fortune and sent his daughter a penniless exile to wander over the earth?

Yes, I was an exile; but—the realization hit me in that instant like a stroke—I was still French, still a Vauquières. My hand went to my locket, which on its long, thin chain hung at my neck. Yes, it was there, with its bombastic medieval motto, giving the lie to reason, to all practical modern ideas, to American law and its clear logical interpretation that so short a time ago had convinced my understanding, "*Vauquières tient parole!*"

On the one hand stood the image of Henry with love in his eyes, and his arms held out to me. On the other side, outside of reason, or logic, or law, was just my word—my word that I had given. What would Papa tell me to choose if he were here? What had he chosen for himself? The law had not bound him; but he had kept his word! And I was a Vauquières too!

Suddenly Mrs. Cobb broke the silence. "Lili," she said in a voice so hollow and toneless that it sounded as though she were very far away or very ill, "as you notice, I make no scene. I merely remind you of one fact that no legal quibble could alter, and it is this: You gave me your word of honor, and I accepted it. Now, that the time has come, are you going to keep your promise, or are you going to break it?"

"*I am going to break it*"—no, my lips would not form the words: they choked in my throat: it seemed to me that Papa was listening and I could not say them. I threw up my head. I dare say my gesture was a little dramatic; but—oh, when my ancestors marched to their death, at least they were allowed a white panache and a drum!

"I am going to keep my promise, since you claim it," I said. "And now, Mrs. Cobb, as soon as Geneviève has dressed me, will you please take me home?"

CHAPTER XVII.

NOW time moves forward a week—a miserable week. And Lili—miserable Lili—moves from Bar Harbor to New York.

For Mrs. Cobb it was an epoch of triumph. The wedding presents that so delighted her soul came pouring in from all quarters with cards that bore, I was told, the most aristocratic names in America. As to my own side of the ocean, my Vauquières uncles and aunts, on this occasion of my marriage with a millionaire (though they refused to cross the ocean), came forward in a very fine fashion indeed. A beautiful emerald pendant (I look hideous in emeralds; but no matter—it came from Cartier's), a little gold repeater, a jeweled fillet for the hair—now that I had no need of anything any more, they spent their money royally for me. Ah! Was Mrs. Cobb proud of these gifts, and did she arrange them where none could pass them by,—"Le Marquis et la Marquise de Vauquières de Clugny," "Comte Dominque de Vauquières de Clugny," "La Duchesse Donairière de Brochefort," and so forth? As to Aunt Elizabeth, she was to bring her presents with her. It was to meet her that we went to New York.

She was to arrive with Uncle Porthaven and the three older girls (the younger ones were left at home at Brent) on the sixth of August. That evening there was to be a dinner and theater party in honor of the new arrivals, with a supper afterward in the roof garden of the Waldorf. Then we were all to go at once to the Brunhilda, Mrs. Cobb's big steam yacht moored at her dock in North River, and to start early the next morning for Mount Desert. Then the evening of the ninth there was to be a formal dinner of great magnificence at the villa at Bar Harbor, in honor of the Duke and Duchess. Then the next day, the wedding—

But I didn't think of that: I lived in a kind of dreadful dream, trying to let each minute suffice to its own pain, without thinking of tomorrow. I had done what was right—*mon Dieu!* there could be no doubt of that, since that was the reason I had done it. But just the same I was tortured by romance, and by self reproach, no less perhaps than if I had done what I wanted to. Wherever I went I was haunted by the image of Mrs. Stuart's face and of Henry's ghastly eyes, as with head down bent I had followed Mrs. Cobb from their house on that last terrible night. What did they think of me? Would they ever understand or forgive me? I did not know, I had no word from them,—only a little, little letter from Henry in which he informed me that in order to avoid certain coming events he was leaving Bar Harbor; and that since in response to his telephone message of the other night a cabin had been reserved for him on the Lorraine, sailing for Havre on August 6, he had made up his mind to use it even under the altered circumstances and leave America for an indefinite period.

Ah, my dear, dear Henry—leaving his home, leaving America alone, without even his mother! Poor Harriet! I had repaid her badly indeed for all her kindness to me and for the long fidelity of her spirit. She sent me a beautiful wedding present,—a little gold writing table, style Louis XV., the exact reproduction—yes, quite exact, of one that had belonged to Papa. Yes, she remembered. She had loved too, poor Harriet; but no more than I had she been permitted to show her love and fidelity by her actions. So I hoped she might understand and forgive me.

But when Mrs. Cobb and I in our limousine met her in her carriage in the promenade (I forget its name) above the sea, she gave me only a little pale nod before turning away her head. Ah! It was the mother in her that could not forgive me, I understood that—while the other mother by my side made a little satisfied noise in her throat like a hen clucking over her chicks. When I arrived home I threw myself face downward on my bed and lay there for a long time; because it seemed to me that, if I moved or even thought, my heart must crack and break.

As to Victor, I am bound to own that in these days he behaved very decently; though now, as the wedding approached, he took toward me in public pompous airs of ownership that might have made me laugh—had they not made me crawl. Though when we were alone together he spoke but little; and on our dash to New York on the yacht, when he was not in the pilothouse or bullying the sailors, he sat for the most part silent and immovable, with his horrid little pipe between his teeth. In the deeds of the property that his mother was conveying him, he had exacted the Brunhilda as part of his share; and was already planning a wedding trip to the South Sea Islands. I didn't care; though the sea made me feel very ill most of the time. In those southern seas I know there are monsoons and typhoons and other monstrous winds that may do our business any day and the sharks finish us. The idea is a genial one—the only one of the kind I've had these latter days.

SO we arrived in New York and went to the dock in an automobile (still another one, which Mrs. Cobb leaves in her city garage) to meet my family. According to the preliminary arrangement by cable, the Duchess had accepted the cabins de luxe offered by my future mother in law, and was arriving by the Mauretania with her husband and daughters.

On the wharves it was hot enough to roast chestnuts on top of our parasols. But there

YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A BOY

when "Peter Henderson Seeds" began to establish a reputation for high quality and dependability. "Sterling" on Silver, "18k" on Gold and "Henderson" on Seeds are the marks which stand for Best.

START RIGHT. The success of your garden depends on the reputation behind the Seeds. By the time poor seeds have proved themselves worthless it is usually too late in the season to start all over with good Seeds. Start right, and prevent disappointment.

What We Want to Send You

One copy "Everything for the Garden," a real dictionary of all things pertaining to it. Weight one pound, 204 pages, magnificently illustrated with over 800 photo-engravings and 5 plates in natural colors. The most beautiful and most complete catalogue you can imagine. Full of practical hints and instructions.

One copy "Garden Guide and Record," a book which should be in the hands of everyone, whether planting for pleasure or profit. Tells just "How and Why." Planting schedules, cultural directions, "Tricks of the Trade," and even cooking recipes which will be appreciated by every housekeeper.

One packet Ponderosa Tomato
One packet Big Boston Lettuce
One packet Scarlet Globe Radish
One packet Invincible Asters
One packet Mammoth Butterfly Pansies
One packet Giant Spencer Sweet Peas

[Packed in a Coupon Envelope, which will be accepted as 25 cents in cash toward payment on your next order amounting to $1.00 or over.]

All we ask is—tell us where you saw this advertisement and enclose 10 cents in stamps to only help pay cost of sending *all the above to you.*

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY EST 1847

From the Peanut Fields of Virginia To the Orange Groves of Florida
Thru the S. A. L. Ry. States traversed by the S. A. L. Ry. You can be independent raising fruits and vegetables. Land cheap, easy terms. Ideal climate, plenty of water. 2 to 3 crops a year, net $500 to $1000 per acre in Manatee County, on the West Coast of Florida. Booklet free. J. A. Pride, Gen. Ind. Agt. Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 513, Norfolk, Va.

WRITE to-day for Star Catalog of GUARANTEED ROSES Sent Free!
Leading roses shown in *natural colors.* Catalog is up to date—offers the cream of the world's roses—also our free delivery offer. Also contains "How to Grow Roses," "Rose Lover's Calendar" and list of best roses for your climate.
The Conard & Jones Co., Box 37 X, West Grove, Pa.
Rose Specialists—30 years' experience

ICELESS REFRIGERATING SYSTEMS For Butchers, Dairies, Hotels, etc. Clubs, Cafes, Produce Houses, etc. *Colder*, Drier and 50% *Cheaper* than Ice. H. A. Born Co., *Send for Catalog "L"* Chicago, Ill.

Fine Garden For 94c
Cut down cost of living by growing vegetables in yard. This splendid assortment of vegetable and flower seeds is big value at $2.20—our special introductory price only 94c. Complete directions for planting, cultivating and harvesting, *free.* Write postal for catalog. O. S. Jones Seed Co., Box 782-B, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Every Experienced Mother Knows

that there are times when her own milk disagrees with her baby.

Sickness, excitement or worry affects her milk and her baby suffers. How, then, can mothers expect their little babies to thrive on cows' milk, which nature never intended for a baby's tender little stomach?

In cities, it is very hard to get cows' milk which is less than thirty hours old. Such milk is apt to hold disease germs which can and do cause fatal illness. All cows' milk is too heavy for little babies. No amount of changing at home will make it like healthy mothers' milk. But pure, rich, cows' milk does hold some of the things your baby must have to grow strong and ruddy and to help it fight off sickness. The reason

Nestlé's Food

has raised thousands of healthy babies and made so many sick babies well, is because it is a milk food. Only nature can make milk—NESTLÉ'S is made from the rich, pure milk of healthy cows from the NESTLÉ dairies where the milk is fresh and clean.

All the good of the milk is kept and put with just enough wheat, sugar and other strength-giving elements to make a powder which, when you boil it in water for two minutes, makes a food that only mothers' milk can equal.

Feed your baby NESTLÉ'S Food twelve times at our expense.

Write now and secure the trial package of 12 feedings and our Mothers' Book which tells all about a baby's care.

HENRI NESTLÉ
100 Chambers Street
New York

we had to wait three long hours in the sun; because, owing to a strike of the men who load the cargoes and freight and things like that on the steamers, there had been a delay in the last steamer sailing, and the poor Mauretania had to wait before she could get into her dock. Such mountains of boxes and barrels and bales of cotton as there were piled all around us, with the company's officers and policemen trying to push them about and people scolding because their friends couldn't land, and Mrs. Cobb raving at the top of her voice, and threatening to sue the company—so that there could be no doubt in the minds of the other people around us, at least, that we had come to meet a Duchess. However, in spite of everything, the wait came to an end at last. And there was Aunt Elizabeth!

It's all very well to criticize your relatives and make fun of them, and even run away from them; but your own blood, you know—that's something! And when you see your own people again in a foreign land, after not seeing them for a long time—why, a great lump comes into your throat, and when you feel their arms around you, you feel as though you had come home! When Aunt Elizabeth kissed me, it seemed to me that I had never been grateful to her or loved her enough. Then Uncle Porthaven and the girls—as they crowded around me, kissing me, and telling me how pretty I looked, and congratulating me on my fine marriage—why, in the joy of finding myself among my own again, I almost forgot for just a minute—almost, but not quite—the sore heart I carried. Ah, if all this fuss and these happy arrivals had been for my marriage with Henry!

HOWEVER, I had little time to think. The customs men were coming up with their annoying questions, and the Captain was paying his compliments to the Duke, and the passengers were edging up trying to say goodby to the Duchess, and getting frozen stares through an eyeglass. She looked just the same, Aunt Elizabeth,—with her old tweed skirt hitched up slightly in front, her large jacket with pockets like a man, and her little felt hat with a priceless veil of Chantilly about it. The girls, however, appeared very well,—Portia in a gown of raspberry pink, Muriel in pale olive green, Ermentrude in white slightly faded, as usual. Though their noses were still large, their complexions, after the American pallor, looked amazingly fresh and lovely. And as they huddled together in that frightened way of the English young lady of quality, around their imposing mama, it must be owned that they had a certain air of being somebody that one does not see every day.

"So your new husband doesn't show yet, Lili?" said Aunt Elizabeth, looking about with her gold eyeglass.

"No, Aunt Elizabeth. You see, he—he felt a little shy about intruding on our first meeting. But he will call to pay his respects to you at your hotel this afternoon."

"Ah! Charmin' young man, I suppose?"

As Mrs. Cobb was listening, I could answer nothing less than, "Oh, charming!"

"H'm! Millionaire, you said?"

"Yes, your Grace," interrupted Mrs. Cobb, fluttered as I had never seen her at this flesh and blood presence of a real Duchess. "On the morning of my dear boy's marriage I sign articles conveying to him property to the amount of twenty-five million dollars."

"Dollars! Why not pounds? How much is a dollar, anyway?"

"Four shillings and twopence, your Grace."

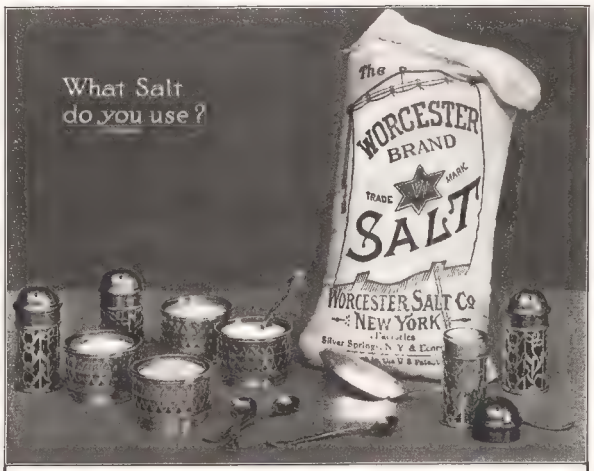
"Dear me! Why can't you just make it the round four shillin's, without stoppin' every time to bother over that extra tuppence? William, how much is twenty-five million dollars, in real money?"

Uncle Porthaven's voice, usually so languid, took on tones of unaffected interest as he replied with the imposing figure, "Five millions sterlin', my dear."

"Ah, not bad! Not bad at all! And of this sum I suppose a fittin' portion will be settled by marriage articles on my dear niece? However, we will speak of that later. My dears, here is the gangplank. Be careful of the gangplank. Muriel, you are toein' in as usual! Portia, hold up your head!"

ON the drive home in the automobile she confided to me that she had come to America with the intention of leaving the two elder girls at least behind her in America. To be sure, the idea was a painful one; but beggars couldn't be choosers. There was no blinkin' the fact that Portia had been out eight years and Muriel six, with no takers offerin' but a curate or two and a peer whose name was quite impossibly damaged through bein' lent too often to flyblown ventures in the city.

"Money, my dear, much money, is what my poor girls must have, even if we have to resign ourselves to Americans. Your fiancé,



Food without salt would not keep you alive.

YOU would quickly starve to death on a food that contained no salt—even if it were 100% nourishment.

For salt is essential to the formation of gastric juice. Without gastric juice there can be no digestion. Without digestion there can be no nutrition.

Now you understand why we think it is worth while to make salt as pure, sweet and salty as possible, and why it is worth your while to have the best salt in your foods.

Is All Salt Salt?

Salt comes out of the earth. Like gold or silver, or any other natural element, it comes mixed with other minerals. These impurities can only be removed by thorough refining.

Salt may be impure because not thoroughly refined. Or because not made by sanitary processes, so that impurities creep in. Or because it is adulterated in order to make it "free running."

Worcester Salt is made by exclusive processes which result in the highest possible degree of purity. It is also made under sanitary conditions which keep impurities from creeping in. It contains absolutely no adulterant. *No salt can be purer.*

Try This Test

Most salt has a bitter after-flavor. That is a sure indication that certain impurities have not been removed from the crude salt. *There is no bitterness in pure salt.*

As ordinarily used you may not taste the bitter flavor. But there is an easy way to test salt for yourself. Here it is:

Make a little salt brine with a teaspoonful of Worcester Salt and half a glass of water. Do the same with any other salt. Taste these brines one after another. Your tongue will tell you instantly that Worcester leaves no bitter taste—that it is sweeter and saltier than any other.

The Saltiest of Salts

Worcester Salt makes it easier for you to season properly because it is so *salty*, without a particle of bitterness. It improves the flavor of your cooking. It gives greater satisfaction *on the table*. If you use Worcester there is no need of having one kind of salt for the table and another for the kitchen. Worcester is unrivalled for both purposes.

Worcester Salt costs but little more than common salt. The poorest family can afford it.

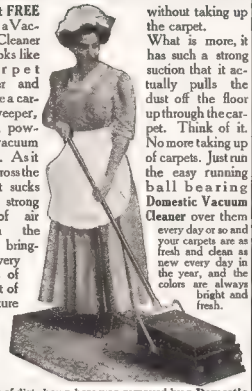
WORCESTER SALT

Get a 5-cent bag. Good grocers everywhere sell Worcester Salt. Get it. Test it. Compare it with any other salt made. You will find that it is tastier, saltier, more savory. And it is as pure as household salt can be made. Write for the Worcester cook book. It contains recipes for all kinds of savory dishes, prepared by an eminent authority. Free on request.

WORCESTER SALT COMPANY
Largest Producers of High Grade Salt in the World
NEW YORK

A Real Vacuum Cleaner

Booklet FREE Here is a Vacuum Cleaner that looks like a carpet sweeper and runs like a carpet sweeper, yet is a powerful vacuum cleaner. As it rolls across the room it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dust out of the texture without taking up the carpet. What is more, it has such a strong suction that it actually pulls the dust off the floor up through the carpet. Think of it. No more taking up of carpets. Just run the easy running ball bearing **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** over them every day or so and your carpets are as fresh and clean as new every day in the year, and the colors are always bright and fresh.



The pile of dirt shown here was removed by a **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** after the rug had been thoroughly cleaned by old methods. This dirt was down in the texture of the rug beyond the reach of the broom. Try one on your carpets at our risk. If it does not do all we claim, return it at our expense and get your money back. Sent anywhere in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, charges prepaid, upon receipt of $16.00.

CAUTION Don't confuse the **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** with imitations. The **Domestic** is the only one with the patented adjustable ball bearing roller nozzle. It rolls over the carpet and does not drag and wear out the carpet as imitations do.

AGENTS WANTED We want one hustling agent in each locality. We pay good commissions and these machines sell at sight. *Write today for full information, free illustrated booklets, etc.*

Domestic Vacuum Sweeper Company,
221 Masonic Temple, Peoria, Ill.

$1.20 Worth of Flower SEEDS Postpaid For Only 10c

1 Pkt. Asters, Floral Park Mixture
1 Pkt. Pansies, Extra Giant Mixed
1 Pkt. Carnations, Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. Star Flower, a Novelty
1 Pkt. Mignonette, Sweet Scented
1 Pkt. Alyssum, Carpet of Snow
1 Pkt. Poppy, Double Carnation Fld.
1 Pkt. Candytuft, Sweet Scented
1 Pkt. Petunia, Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. Portulaca, Choicest Mixed
1 Pkt. Summer Cypress (Burning Bush)
1 Pkt. Sweet Pea, Large Fld. Mixed

We will send the above 12 packets of Prize Class flower seeds, our new illustrated Garden Annual, and a due bill giving you your money back, all for 10c postpaid.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Box 408, FLORAL PARK, N.Y.

Eggs for Hatching

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

Our large 1913 catalog tells how in words and pictures. It is **FREE.** Stock and eggs of all leading varieties—land and water fowls. Incubators and supplies at lowest prices. Booklet, "Proper Care of Chicks"—10 cents.

Royal Poultry Farm, Dept. 451, Des Moines, Ia.

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 213, FREEPORT, ILL.

GREIDER'S FINE POULTRY

Book and calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages, 72 varieties pure bred, 63 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions. Incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great — this book — only 15 cents.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 28, Rheems, Pa.

Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY and SQUABS

Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed 4c. F. FOY, Box 43, Des Moines, Iowa

BE PROSPEROUS MEN and WOMEN grow mushrooms at home in cellars, sheds, stables, boxes, etc. Large demand, big profits easily made. Only small space necessary. We are large growers, make best spawn and insure your success. Write for big free booklet and learn how.

National Spawn Co., Dept 2, Hyde Park, Mass.

Motormen Wanted Quick BIG PAY

Also conductors. We fit you at home in your spare time for these good paying positions working. Work steady the year round, salaries high. **Positions now open** waiting for our graduates. This is the school indorsed by Electric Ry. men everywhere. Write today for full information.

OFFICIAL RAILWAY SCHOOL
General Office 482 FREEPORT, ILL.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN $25 to $100 A WEEK

We can positively show you by mail HOW TO INCREASE YOUR SALARY. Book mailed free. Page-Davis, Dept. 46, Chicago, Ill.

now—hasn't he a great many friends among rich young men, my dear?"

So I delighted Aunt Elizabeth's heart, and made Portia, who was in the middle seat between us, beam from ear to ear, with the description of the half-dozen bachelors of unimpeachable name and immense fortunes who had accepted Mrs. Cobb's invitation to the theater party tonight and the return cruise on the yacht.

"The yacht!" repeated my aunt with satisfaction. "Do you hear that, Portia? Much can be done on a yacht—much. Well, well, Lili, to think of my little wild French girl turnin' out so splendidly after all!"

So we left them at the St. Regis, where Mrs. Cobb had retained a royal suite for the family. Her own house, opened only temporarily, was in the hands of florists and decorators for the evening's entertainment, and hence not in condition to receive guests of such august importance. Aunt Elizabeth, however, waving aside her apologies and explanations, seemed delighted with the hotel accommodations thus offered her. And, though she had done nothing as we crossed the city but make uncomplimentary remarks about the heat, the elevated trains, and the skyscrapers, still she seemed extremely pleased with the situation as a whole. Never indeed have I seen her so amiable.

"I congratulate you, Lili. You have done well for yourself. Your new mother in law, in spite of various little crudities, seems a thoroughly presentable person. If her son is only half as decent a sort, then he'll do. And, after all, what does that matter, since he has the money? Five million sterlin'! Very decent, indeed. If my poor girls can only do as well, I shall be content. So now goodby till this evenin', Lili. You've done very well indeed, and I approve of you thoroughly. And—er—God bless you!"

She added this benediction as a rather superfluous thought after her own approval was given. And, jumping from the automobile with surprising agility for one of her weight, she gathered her daughters about her and swept into the hotel. Reporters, who had followed the limousine in hired taximeters, swarmed after her with their little notebooks. Uncle Porthaven, tall and imposing in his gray traveling suit and gray mustache, brought up the rear. Mrs. Cobb, looking after them as the hotel door swallowed them up, sank back on the cushions with a sigh of utter content.

"Every inch the Duchess, isn't she? And to think she's my guest—mine!" Then, after a few minutes' silent rumination of so much bliss, she added, just like Aunt Elizabeth, "God bless you, Lili!"

AFTER so many benedictions, I ought to have been happy, oughtn't I? But—oh, he seemed to have ordained, the good God, that I should be the instrument of delight and satisfaction to everyone except to those whose sorrow was my sorrow, and whose joy would have been my joy. And, knowing that they were sad, and sad for me, what good could I get from all the blessings?

So, when we arrived home I just pretended a headache, and locked my bedroom door for the afternoon. The weather was so oppressively hot, my excuse was a believable one. So there in the safe shelter of my bedroom I just threw myself on the bed and behaved more foolishly than I shall ever own even to myself.

For that my suffering was perfectly illogical and foolish I shall never deny. Even one that has never tried, like me, to pin down her flighty feminine intellect on a sound philosophical basis, could have realized that. For, after all, what I was doing was by my own free will, was it not? So, having chosen to keep my honorable word, why could I not be satisfied with the consciousness of doing right and resign myself to the disagreeable things that right doing always brings? And in this case there were so many agreeable things! Why, then, did I look back, look back ever down the path by which I had come, and long to retrace my footsteps, and sigh – Sigh? That's not the word: cry out loud, and kick the bed with my feet like a wicked child. My pillow was soaked in tears, my handkerchief was torn to shreds, my hands were covered with toothmarks where I had stuffed them into my mouth and bitten them to keep from crying "Henry! Henry!" aloud with all my force.

Ah, sad, sad hours!

To be concluded next Sunday

UPS AND DOWNS IN POLITICS

BY FRANK H. BROOKS

NOTWITHSTANDING the theory that the system of elections in this country is such as to have Congress represent the political sentiment of the electorate, there was a possibility at one time, or at least an intimation, that by a shrewd move Congress might be in control of one party. The story is interesting, and at the same time has a humorous shading.

As is known to all students of American history, Texas was never a territory of the United States. After its troubles with Mexico it sprang into existence as a full fledged Republic, with a President, and remained a Republic until it was admitted to the Union in 1845.

It was admitted under some conditions quite different from those which govern the admission of other Territories. One of these was that the big State reserved the right to divide as it saw fit into as many States as the population would warrant, although it must be understood that no specified number as to population is required by law for the admission of a Territory.

The provision governing the admission of Texas was doubtless based, in part at least, on the fact that it was the largest State in the Union. Texas has always been democratic: as considered by the opposition, hopelessly so.

At a time when the Republican party was in such ascendancy in national politics that the Democratic party was pitifully in the minority, it was suggested that Texas take advantage of its rights under admission and separate into enough States to give the Democratic party an overwhelming majority in both branches of Congress.

While the proposition had a humorous aspect, and conservative politicians regarded it with indifference, there were timid Republicans who seriously considered a plan to offset the Texan cut-up. The timid ones contemplated the division of enough certainly Republican States so as to bring about congressional representation that would at least create the possibility of making any majority in Congress doubtful.

That was the only time in the political history of the country when there was any talk of making a majority in Congress permanent.

Texas has some unique features. It is the only State that owns its public lands. The Government never had any domain in that State.

Another oddity of the State is that it has counties named in a way that only those for whom they were named have a distinctive honor. There was a unique character in one county known as Deaf Smith. When the county was organized it was named Deaf Smith County, and the appellation remains to this day; so that only one Smith has the honor. It is said that Deaf Smith was the one man who fought his way into the Alamo when the occupants of that building were making history; but he never fought his way out. "Thermopylæ had one messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

There is also a Tom Green County in the State. There were other Greens when the county got ready for business; but only one Tom Green. There are still counties in the State with not enough people to effect an organization for business as required by the State.

The membership of the United States Senate has varied since its organization from twenty-two to ninety-two. With Arizona and New Mexico there will be ninety-six. There will be no additional members after that, unless some States divide, or until some of the insular possessions come into statehood. The latter probability is so remote that senatorial timber has not yet been planted. There is little likelihood that any State, unless it be Texas, will consent to be broken up for the benefit of any political party. It is doubtful if Virginia would have been cut into two States but for the Civil War. It is not probable that the present generation will see the membership of the Senate reach the hundred mark.

———

PLEASANT FOR GUY

THE heroic moments of our lives are not always recognized as such by those around us. While Guy was making a noble effort to mow the lawn one sizzling afternoon, a neighbor crossed the street to talk "heat prostrations" with Mrs. Guy, and Guy's small daughter answered the ring of the bell.

"Where's Mama, Sweetheart?" asked the visitor.

"I—I don't know where my mama is," hesitated the small person; "but," brightening, "but my papa's out in the yard playing wis his little wagon."

Whatwesentout hundreds of thousands of sample cakes. Write for yours today

Write for *your* sample cake

Have you ever used a soap with the *real* odor of violets?

If not, you do not know how delightful a soap can be. Every time you wash with this sample cake, you will enjoy its fresh fragrance. In it, we have caught the real odor of violets and the color of fresh violet leaves, a beautiful translucent green.

Send us a 2c stamp and we will send you this sample cake, enough to last several days. When you have used it, you can get it in the regular size from your druggist—10c a cake, *three cakes for a quarter.* The violet fragrance is universally loved, is adopted more often than all other odors *combined.* Get your sample today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. R, Cincinnati.

Smell it Hold it to the light

For sale everywhere. Look for the name "Jergens."

WILL YOU BE THE DOCTOR

We Mean the

Doctor of Chiropractic

Whose income is $200.00 to $1,000.00 a month.

The U. C. C. "THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY" Largest and Best Chiropractic College in the World Capacity 1,000 Students

You can learn this new profession in a short time. We assure success even to those men and women who have only ordinary education. The College offers every advantage to students enabling them to comprehend the studies thoroughly and secure the Standard Diploma issued only by recognized Chiropractic Colleges giving class instruction. Graduates seldom abandon the profession—the study and practice are that interesting and fascinating. Many physicians are studying Chiropractic because of its superior merits and exclusion of drugs. You will profit by investigating this exceptional opportunity. We'll see to it that you master the science. Chiropractors are in constant demand. Write for our illustrated catalogue. FREE.

UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE, Dept. A, Davenport, Iowa.

Send today for my FREE BOOK "HOW TO REMEMBER"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 956 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO

CORNET FREE! We guarantee to teach you to play by mail and will give you a **Beautiful Cornet** or any Band Instrument absolutely **FREE.** You pay weekly as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Write today for our booklet and wonderful tuition offer.

INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL
801 Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

MARVEL SOLDER

INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solders Without Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening. It makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists.

Send 10c for trial tube.

MARVEL SOLDER CO. 1937 Broadway Dept. 7, New York **AGENTS WANTED QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS**

Kennebec CANVAS COVERED CANOES

Prepare now for hot weather days. Spend your summer outings and vacation canoeing. Send for illustrated catalog showing paddling, sailing and motor canoes. Investigate our special type of sponsons (air chambers).

Kennebec Canoes are unequalled in design, finish, lightness and strength. Prices reasonable.

KENNEBEC CANOE CO., 11 E.E. Sq., Waterville, Me.

ENGINE TROUBLE TEXT BOOK—Gives plain language remedies for every engine ailment. Keeps your Car running. Saves dollars. 56 pages illustrated. Get it now. Send 10c. Money back if dissatisfied.

BREEZE CARBURETERS, NEWARK, N. J.

DAGOBERT'S CHILDREN

Continued from page 9

denave, who had almost ceased to breathe, into whose thin cheeks had surged blood red and hot as flame, who was shaking as if palsied, glared at the messenger as if the latter had suddenly appeared from out the bowels of the earth. And his lips moved, forming a name that they did not utter aloud.

"Captain! My Captain!"

He gripped the table to prevent himself from falling.

Dagobert himself was standing there!

His left hand in its white glove rested easily on the hilt of his saber; his right hung loosely at his side; and his eyes, piercing as a condor's, watched the face of the Herr Commandant.

Count Raoul Dagobert, in the uniform of a German Hussar!

If he had seen Bordenave, he gave no sign of it. Exerting a tremendous effort, the latter cleared his brain. He looked at the open door, he peered into the absolute dark beyond.

Captain Shofen read aloud from the despatch:

Report to me in force instantly. General von Werder, commanding.

He looked up and read the delight on the faces of his men. "So, so, Gentlemen!" said he. "It seems that at last the advance is beginning— Death! stop him!"

Bordenave went through the open doorway with a rush. In a twinkling the opaque night swallowed him. He bounded across the road and promptly fell into a ditch. It was deep and wide, and he plunged into this bed of decaying leaves and mud. Wriggling along face downward, stopping when the short pursuit came too near, he soon found himself clear out of the hamlet. He lay quite still in the mire. The chase had quickly been abandoned. Not a sound did he hear save the sigh of the wind which had that first touch of ice in its breath, the terrible ice that was going to redouble the sufferings of France.

"Well out of that, by the devil!" murmured the franc-tireur.

HE scrambled from the mud, lurched across the road, and then one—two—four—eight—a dozen—a score of gigantic specters rushed upon him from every side.

"*Qui est la?*"

The words came as the snarl of a wolf. Bordenave's tongue seemed frozen to his palate.

"Don't fire!" cried a voice with a harsh, menacing rasp.

The schoolmaster leaped back as a bayonet licked at him. It passed between his arm and his side. With a smothered yell he flung both arms round the striker's neck.

"A friend—I!" he almost shrieked.

Lean fingers at his windpipe relaxed. The breath of his antagonist steamed in his face.

"*Pardieu!* I think it is our little Corneille!" muttered Laporte, ex-Zouave and franc-tireur.

Bordenave uttered a sob of delight.

"Silence! I'll slit the throat of every mother's son of you!" snarled that voice of a wolf.

"Hush, *Petit!*" whispered Laporte. "That is Lieutenant Varache, of General Chanzy's army. We are going to sleep in Garlesse tonight. Our Captain has gone to prepare our nests."

The Frenchmen, who had looked like gigantic specters in the gloom, were lying down again on their stomachs. And Bordenave crouched with them. He could make out D'Ormonde the author just to the right, and Jolibois and Abbé Remilly to his left.

"Yes, they are all here, and a score of others besides," he whispered to his wildly beating heart. And his fingers closed on a long knife that Laporte thrust toward him.

THE boy Fritz reëntered the curé's sitting room. He saluted.

"I am afraid he has got away, Commandant," said he guiltily.

Shofen paid no attention. Holding the despatch in his left hand and tapping upon it with his right, he still questioned the messenger. "It is a general move upon Paris?"

"I do not think so." Count Dagobert swayed a little and rested a gloved hand on the table's edge. "There has been a battle at Coulmiers, and we were beaten. Then Orléans has been retaken—"

"Ah! Then it is a retreat!"

Dagobert staggered. He wiped his pallid forehead with a shaking hand. "Pardon, Commandant, I was shot on the road—wounded—Chanzy's rats are biting."

"Orléans recaptured?" questioned the Prussian in his passionless voice. "I cannot believe it." He turned to his third officer, who was regarding the messenger fixedly. "All the same, Varnhagen, we have our marching orders, and you have your desire."

"It is the General's handwriting? You are sure—"

Dagobert lurched sidewise and fell to the floor like a log. His lips twitched; his eyes rolled backward.

Varnhagen leaned over him, groping and peering. He rose wiping his fingers. "Wounded in the left side, yes," said he; "but to me it looks like an old affair newly opened. You are quite assured—"

The Prussian shrugged his shoulders. "You overdo it," said he. "If we were all as cautious as you, we should still be in Berlin. Come, Gentlemen."

FAINT and more faint became the thudding of horses' hoofs. The German detachment was out of the village. The sound died away, and the quiet of night fell over the deserted place, the tenantless cottages. The supposed aide de camp of General von Werder lay where he had fallen. Not an eyelid moved.

Count Raoul Dagobert was reflecting upon two matters. One was that his idea of the forged despatch had worked very well up to the present. He had fallen in with the score of lancers under Lieutenant Varache sent by General Chanzy to occupy Garlesse if possible, and he had undertaken the errand of getting the Germans out. His perfect control of high German, and the uniform stripped three days before from a Hussar whom they had found dead in a coppice, and the Lieutenant's gift of imitating handwriting, were material enough.

And the other matter upon which Dagobert reflected as he lay on his back on the sanded floor was that one of Shofen's men had come back again by the easy process of climbing through the window, and that this man was watching him from behind.

He had not heard him enter; he did not hear him move or breathe. He knew he was in the room just as a mouse knows when a cat is watching it. The cat was Varnhagen, who had been sent back by Captain Shofen to bring away the curé's set of chessmen.

The supposed aide de camp of General von Werder had been abandoned as a dying man. The despatch was emphatic. In these precipitate movements those who fell out, fell out.

Varnhagen returned for the wooden chessmen, and he lingered, watching the man on the floor. He was cynic and skeptic, this Prussian, in most things. And he certainly did suspect that the wound in the messenger's left side was at least a week old, and that it had been opened afresh—for this special occasion. Which was perfectly correct.

The watching Prussian, troubled, nervous, fingered the blue steel of his revolver. He dared wait no longer. At the same time—

A VIOLENT twitch jerked his limbs as the handle of the door rattled. He looked at it, and saw that it was moving. The door opened direct into the road.

He listened with thrust-forward head and eyeballs glaring. He had suspected the existence of a trap, and he now saw its jaws in operation. There were men outside the door, men who had entered the village when the garrison quitted it.

"Fooled!" muttered Varnhagen.

He might have escaped by the window; but he was brave, and the slow opening of the door fascinated his eyes.

"I will kill the first one, and then settle this vermin," said he, glancing at Dagobert. "After that, it will be time enough to consider that I have a skin."

He drew back nearer to the wall. The top of a head without helmet or kepi, a bare grizzled head, appeared between door and jamb. It was the head of Lieutenant Varache. He raised it suddenly and swept a lightning glance round the curé's sitting room.

"Accept my respects," said Varnhagen, and he let go at the officer's head.

"Find him in hades—you!" he bellowed.

Count Dagobert rolled over and over. The first ball passed between shoulder and cloak; the second grazed his thigh. His part played, he leaped to his feet; but slipped over the body of Varache, which lay in a terrible mess. He fought for his balance; but crashed down before the Prussian's pistol thrust into his face.

A half-second Varnhagen waited, for he wanted the other to see the death that was coming; then his revolver cracked for the last time. But one cannot shoot straight

Big Ben

**If you'd rise early, just say when
And leave your call with him, Big Ben**

DOWN in our hearts we're punctual men—but we can't help oversleeping now and then any more than we can help talking in our sleep.

For man is only partly conscious when he first opens his eyes after a heavy sleep.—He needs help to get wide awake at once. He'd get up on time if he only realized the time.

Big Ben makes him realize it.—You can try for yourself. Go to sleep and sleep your best. Forget the rising hour. He'll call you on the dot at any time you say.

If you sleep heavily—and you very likely do, if you are a heavy worker—see Big Ben at your jeweler to-morrow. His price is $2.50 anywhere.

He's sold by 16,000 watchmakers, but if you cannot find him at yours, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

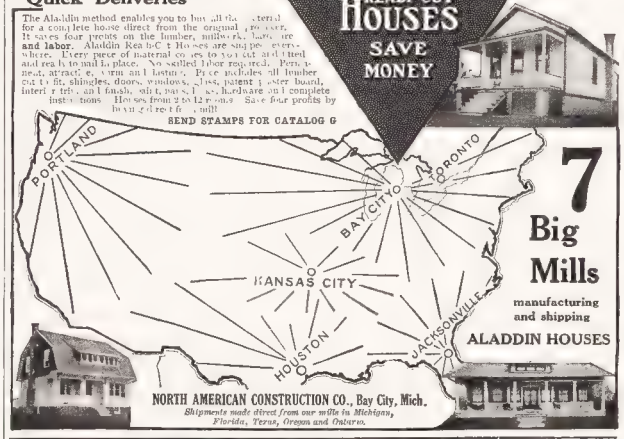
Bungalows, Dwelling Houses, Summer Cottages, Barns, Farm Buildings.
Quick Shipments and Quick Deliveries

COMPLETE 5-ROOM HOUSE $298

ALADDIN READI-CUT HOUSES SAVE MONEY

The Aladdin method enables you to buy all the material for a complete house direct from the original producer. It saves four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. Aladdin Readi-Cut Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required. Perfect, attractive, warm and lasting. Price includes all lumber cut to fit, shingles, doors, windows, glass, paint, plaster board, interior trim and finish, siding, posts, lath, hardware and complete instructions. Houses from 2 to 12 rooms. Save four profits by buying direct from mill.

SEND STAMPS FOR CATALOG G



7 Big Mills manufacturing and shipping ALADDIN HOUSES

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO., Bay City, Mich.
Shipments made direct from our mills in Michigan, Florida, Texas, Oregon and Ontario.

MAKES A PHONOGRAPH SOUND LIFE-LIKE

The Morse Clarifier

a remarkable little device that fits in tube between reproducer and horn of any make of machine. It renders the sound loud, clear, lifelike and delightful. Pat. Jan. 16-'12.

pleasant metallic effect. It fills a long felt want. Can be inserted in a minute and is everlasting.

$1.00 MAILED PREPAID Send dollar bill, 2c stamps or check at our risk. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money refunded.

State whether for Victor, Victor Victrola, Edison with rubber or metal connection, Columbia disc or cylinder.

Information and circular matter free.

MORSE BROTHERS, Manufacturers and Distributers
440 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

Matchless Pocket Lighter

Durable and waterproof, with perfect ignition. A perfect lighter. Occupies no more space than the pocket thumb pencil. Indispensable to every smoker, hunter, fisherman, and automobilist. Heavily nickel plated. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Postpaid, 35c., 4 for $1.00. Complete with pocket clip. Special proposition to agents and dealers. Stamps accepted.

SCHILLER MFG. CO., Dept. A-6, CHICAGO

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist's Double Throat Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing out. Astonish and mystify your friends. Sing like a canary, whine like a puppy, crow like a rooster, and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents, 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. **DOUBLE THROAT CO.,** DEPT. A, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

"Too Good to Be Improved Upon"

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

is thus described by many refined and dainty women, whose comeliness has been preserved and enhanced by its use, and whose lives have therefore been made happier. For a score of years it has been a potent force in the development of womanly beauty and attractiveness, and is today My Lady's greatest asset in correctly solving that ever timely and vital problem—the conservation of good looks. Cold Cream in some form has been used by beautiful women of every clime since the days of the ancients, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is the old-fashioned cold cream modernized and perfected by conscientious, painstaking chemists and manufactured by them under every possible safeguard to insure purity and cleanliness.

TRY IT FREE

On request, we will send a sample and booklet, "An Aid to Beauty," which will tell you how to get and keep a good complexion with the help of this valued cream.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Dept. T, West 14th Street, New York

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Your advertisement inserted in the classified column of the

ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

will be placed upon the library table of more than fourteen hundred thousand homes each week.

RATE, $4.00 per line.

Smallest space sold, 4 lines,—largest, 12 lines. No fakes or extravagant copy accepted.

1 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.
RECORD-HERALD BLDG., CHICAGO

VIRGINIA FARM LANDS

FARM IN SUNNY VIRGINIA, DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE, abundant rainfall, fertile ten acre truck, poultry and fruit farm, $375. Farms low as $15 per acre. For 134 page free booklet, address K. T. Crawley, Ind. Agt. C. & O. Ry., Richmond, Va. Box X.

NORTH CAROLINA FARM LANDS

WANTED—MEN TO BECOME INDEPENDENT farmers in Eastern North Carolina, the "Nation's Garden Spot." Leads for large profits on small capital. Write for booklet. C. Van Leuven, 806 Southern Building, Wilmington, N. C.

AGENTS WANTED

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY AND FURNISH rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry powders; money-back guarantee; outfit free; new plan; steady work. Address Bigler Co., X500, Springfield, Ill.

AGENTS—Every demonstration of our New Inverted Gas Burners or Kerosene Mantle Burners makes a sale with large profits. Positively fastest money makers on the market. Particulars free. Simplex Gaslight Co., Dept. L, 23 Park Row, N.Y.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost. Transact business, keep books anywhere. President Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Free Laws, By-Laws and Forms. Reference: Any Bank in Arizona. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 800, Phoenix, Arizona.

NEW MEXICO OIL LAND

THE SEVEN LAKES FIELD, McKINLEY COUNTY, is now being developed. I control a tract of the best located land in that district and will sell in 20-acre claims; very reasonable. No oil stocks for sale. John A. Gordon, Gallup, N. M.

DETECTIVES WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 TO $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 1850 Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

OLD COINS

$7.75 paid for rare date 1853 quarters without arrows; $20 for a $5. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clark Co., Box 26, Le Roy, N. Y.

CHAUFFEURS WANTED

BE A CHAUFFEUR. EARN $200.00 PER month. Travel; be employed the year 'round. Write Cliff Hogan, 2118 East 15th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

with a six-inch blade through one's carotid artery.

Corneille Bordenave, second in the room, had flung the knife Laporte had given him. He shrieked hysterically.

Varnhagen fell upon the body of Varache. He had found life dull: for him its dullness was over.

The whole affair had filled out but seven seconds. The room swarmed with Frenchmen.

Dagobert reeled to his feet. He was hideous with a strip of flesh cut from his forehead by the pistol barrel, and his right cheek black and scorched. He did not know where he was for an instant, and he glared round as one waking from a terrific dream.

And he saw Bordenave, who was regarding him with ashen face and most imploring gaze.

"They will come back, those gentlemen," drawled a haughty voice. "We will receive them. Picard, take four men and hold the inn. Rennedon, take five and keep the house opposite."

De Gardens, in command,—Varache dead,—gave his orders in the tone in which he used to demand supper at Marguery's every night, in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

"Houser, take ten men and hold what is left of the church. If you must retreat, fall back upon the inn. Count, you will remain here, with your wolves. We have turned those rascals out of their beds, thanks to you. They will come back for their sheets, and we will wrap them round them when we have finished!"

AH LEE BUNG

Continued from page 4

distance, sounded not unlike Spanish. Bung picked away, plotting silently.

JUDGE OLIVER was witness to a miracle, of a hot afternoon, when the force was loading apricots into a wagon (they call them "cots" in the Santa Clara Valley). Bung appeared in their very midst, and gazed upon the enemy with a conciliatory smile. There rose an instantaneous clamor throughout the grove; but the Chinaman held up both hands and smiled his submission. Jiro, with brows of thunder, advanced a few steps, and Bung addressed him in Chinese. Jiro shook his head.

"You can lite Chinese language?" inquired Bung.

"I obtain this knowledge," responded the Japanese, his pride touched.

"Then look-see!" said Bung. He led Jiro over to the dusty road, where he carefully smoothed a surface with his hand. The fifty laborers gathered around, awe-struck.

Bung bent over and began to draw in the road dust a perpendicular column of Chinese characters. Jiro read them with an expression of perplexity. His faithful henchmen punctually assumed a like expression.

Jiro next stooped over and in turn drew his column of Chinese characters. Bung nodded and wrote a reply. A look of pleasure, anticipation, cordiality, at once overspread Jiro's lofty front, and this expression was increased when Bung pulled several five-dollar pieces from his blouse and showed them to the Samurai. (The written characters in Chinese and Japanese are the same, although the spoken words are so vastly different.)

"We shall be great pleasure to observe it tonight, eight o'clock," said the now affable Japanese.

"All lite—toni'!" chuckled Bung as he wandered away.

They worked together from then on. They exchanged few remarks; but the eyes of the little brown men fairly beamed with growing love for the big yellow one. Bung was their constant, though rather sarcastic, ally.

"You're teaching them to like you, aren't you, Bung?" observed Mrs. Oliver one night.

"Oh, yes, Missee Olivah, I teach 'em happy diplomoly. Evelybody feel hot time!"

But when Judge Oliver asked Jiro on payday, the latter seemed a bit more dubious.

"Nationally I deplore Mr. Bung," said he; "yet I should assimilate his friendship."

"Do you want me to fire him?" asked the Judge.

"Oh! Please, no—not to do! We should miss this Mr. Bung deliciously."

Tommy noticed that Bung was visiting the Japanese quarter rather regularly evenings.

ABOUT midseason Jiro approached the rancher and sadly intimated that "advance money would appear very charitable"; but Judge Oliver was too thorough a Californian to extend blind credit.

"Harry," said he, "what's the matter with you Japs all of a sudden? What are you asking advance money for? What have you been doing with your wages?"

To all these questions Mr. Jiro answered with unexpected brevity.

"Bung," he said.

Suspicion began dawning upon the white man's mind. He knew China's one battlefield where the colors of Nippon have ever gone down in defeat,—the gaming table.

"Do you mean to say that Chinaman —"

"He is very elaborate sinner, Mr. Sir. One morning he promenade among my Japanese and say, 'You un'stand how write Chinese language?' We explain how we can. So he wrote manuscripts in road dust for us to read."

"What did he write?" asked the Judge, remembering the strange scene he had witnessed.

"He write 'Japanese is much more smarter than Chinese.' I write, 'Yes, he are.' He write, 'You know all American customs?' I write, 'Entirely.' He write, 'I should adore to learn American polka game from intelligent Japanese.' I write, 'How much you got?' He show me fifty dollars in golden cash. So we teach him."

"You taught him poker, did you?" said Judge Oliver, twinkling at Jiro's tragic mien.

"Mr. Bung he learn too immediately. Soonly he earn five hundred dollar from Japanese boys—also my complete horse and buggy wagon he took from devilish polka game which we teach him. All Japanese is now completely broken. We quit tonight."

"You quit!" thundered Judge Oliver. He realized in a flash that he, and not the Japanese, might be the big loser from Bung's gambling venture. This was the worst possible time for the laborers to lay down their buckets. If the fruit were neglected now, in three days it would become a rotting mass.

"It's impossible! You can't—you mustn't quit!"

"Then this Mr. Bung must go," said Jiro firmly.

In a sudden moment of irritation at the offending Bung, Judge Oliver went over to the enemy.

"Tell your boys not to worry," said he. "I'll discharge Bung, and see what I can do about the money you lost."

TOMMY noticed that his father was strangely quiet at supper. Mr. Frederickson, a buyer from San José, was stopping overnight with the Olivers, and most of the responsibility of entertainment fell upon Mrs. Oliver and her two grown daughters.

"Tommy, would you mind coming here a moment," said the Judge, rising suddenly and going out on the porch.

The young man joined his father under the live oak back of the house. The elder man cleared his throat two or three times before he spoke.

"I guess you'd better step over to Bung's cottage and see him." They always called it "Bung's cottage," although it was a primitive shack composed of antique fruit trays and second hand lumber.

"Why?" inquired young Oliver with directness.

The father related to his son the details of the orchard race war culminating in Bung's crafty triumph at the American "polka" game.

"We've got to let him go,—ahem!—and it seems to me you're the proper one to attend to it," faltered the old man.

"Now, Dad!" objected the boy. "What do you always poke all the disagreeable jobs on me for? I won't do it!"

"Somebody's got to do it, my son," said the Judge nervously. "I think you'd better. You're younger and —"

"I think it's a disgrace to put that poor old fellow out this way. He's been a faithful slave to us ever since I can remember; and I don't think this is much of a way to reward him."

The Judge gazed dimly over the vineyards to the south. "It's either Bung or us, I'm afraid, Tommy. You know how these Jap contract bosses tyrannize over the orchards, and they'd rather work with the bubonic plague than with a Chinaman. We can't afford Bung. You've got another year at college, my boy, and Lord knows how you'll get it unless this fruit crop pays."

Tommy hitched up his khaki trousers and disappeared into the grove.

THESE here Orientals," said Mr. Frederickson as they sat on the porch smoking, "they're overrunning the orchards

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S
Toilet Preparations

No. 1932 Guaranteed under the FOOD and DRUG ACT June 30, 1906. Established 1868.

ROSALINE Cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars 25c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues, and is considered the standard by the fastidious. Jars 25 cents.

DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL A powder free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shape box 25c and 50c.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY COMPANY
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23d St.
NEW YORK CITY

Send Us Your Old Carpet We Will Make New Rugs

By our improved method of weaving, we make beautiful rugs totally different from any other rugs woven from old carpets. Read our guarantee. Ours is the oldest and largest factory of its kind in America. Established 38 years.

Rugs, 75c and Up

Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Every rug guaranteed to wear ten years. Grand Prizes at three World's Fairs.

We Pay Freight

Your old carpets are worth money no matter how badly worn; don't throw them away.

FREE Write today for book of designs—in colors, prices and full information.

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. 78, 40 Laflin St., Chicago

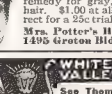
STAIN YOUR HAIR

A Beautiful Rich Brown

Mrs Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain will do it. Just apply once a month with your comb. Will not give an unnatural color to your hair. A perfect remedy for gray, faded or bleached hair. $1.00 at all druggists. Send direct for 25c trial bottle today.

Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1495 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

WHITE VALLEY GEMS



See Them BEFORE Paying! These gems are chemical white sapphires—**LOOK** like **Diamonds.** Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and **will cut glass.** Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K **solid gold diamond mountings.** We will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—**no money in advance.** Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. B, 731 Sako Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

SELL FOUR OF THESE CHAINS AND GET YOUR CHAIN FREE

I Trust You 10 Days. Send No Money. Send today for this beautiful gold selector 34 in. gold filled neck chain, 48 inches long, with handsome slide set with hand-cut white brilliant stone, guaranteed to retain its brilliancy, and chain guaranteed for 10 years. You can without the least bit of trouble sell four of these handsome chains to your friends at $1.00 and get yours absolutely FREE. Chains sell on sight. After 10 days you can remit $1.00, or if you do not consider it big value for the money, return the chain. Send for free catalogue of beautiful line of novelties in jewelry. Endless chain potatoes.

ANNA AYERS, Dept. Z-1, 22 Quincy St. Chicago

St. Patrick's Day Favors Green Celluloid Balancing Bird, with dinner card, 10c. Assorted Irish Tags, nos. 10c, 20c. Irish Snapping Bons, 5c. Auto Favors, Metal Hats, Green Suit Cases, 10c each. Bell, Harps, Potatoes, Pipe Fans, Shillelaghs, High Hats, 5c. each. Silk Shamrocks, 20c doz. St. Patrick's Buttons, 30c. doz. Irish Silk Flags, 5c, 10c each. Irish Hat, with favor, 5c. Irish Rose Cases, ice cream size, $1.80 doz. Crepe Paper Basket, $1.20 doz., Midget size, 90c doz. Irish Jack Horner Pie, 12 ribbons, $1. Dinner Cards, 40c doz. Tally Cards, 25c doz. Crepe Paper Napkins, 60c pkg. We make up $1 and $2 St. Patrick Day Assortments. *We positively do not pay mail charges.*

B. Shackman & Co., Dept. 9, 812 Broadway, New York

7 1/3% Lowest Interest Paid

on monthly savings in 20 years. The best business men in this country are placing their savings with us. We are the oldest Savings Association in this state. Send for booklet and best of references East and West.

$5 saved monthly, $1,000 at maturity
$10 saved monthly, $2,000 at maturity
$70 deposited amounts to $100 in 5 years

INDUSTRIAL B. & L. ASS'N, 24 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

All contributions to the Magazine Section should be addressed to

THE EDITOR
THE ASSOCIATED
SUNDAY MAGAZINES
52 East Nineteenth Street
New York City

worse'n insect pests." The Olivers had been telling him about Bung. "Chinamen and Japs are bad caterpillars from different eggs. Don't like each other. 'Course they don't! The army worm doesn't like the red scale, because they're both bent on the same sort o' mischief."

"I've always regarded Bung as different," said the Judge. "He has done well, a good and faithful servant. When I first came here, an invalid from Massachusetts, we didn't grow much of anything on the place but greasewood and mortgages. Bung dropped in from nowhere, a haggard, middle-aged Chinaman with one eye. He said he liked the place and wanted to stay forever—which seemed an almost fanatical whim of friendship, considering how the ranch looked at that time. That Chinaman was certainly a godsend to me. He did the heavy work, plowing and planting and harrowing—wasn't he a help to us, Martha?"

"He certainly was!" said Mrs. Oliver thoughtfully. "Half the time he cooked breakfast for us, and nights he took care of Tommy, who was a baby then. He was crazy about children, like all Chinamen."

"Tommy was two years old," resumed the Judge— "Goodness! how fast they grow! I reckon he saved the baby's life two or three times—if you count the time he killed a five-foot rattler with a dishpan, and the other time when Tommy had a fever and Bung rode nine miles on a wild horse to get a doctor."

"Most Chinks are deathly afraid of horses," said Frederickson.

"Bung is no exception. And I count that ride—though it had its comedy features—among the finest acts of moral heroism I have ever witnessed."

The smoke wreaths rose calmly while the insects in the long, dry grass ground their little mills.

"Doesn't he flock with other Chinamen?" asked the man from San José.

"Never. Bung is a hermit and an eccentric. He never goes to town. Once a month for the last twenty years he has mailed a letter to Sacramento. There's a mystery about that man. Must have had some tremendous row with his people, the way he avoids 'em." Again the Judge paused. "Lord! I hate to let him go! He is the only Chinaman I ever had who could get along with white help. I remember back in '98 we had an Irishman around the place. Donnivan had such a deep and noisy racial aversion to Bung that I thought I'd have to discharge 'em both to keep peace in the family. One day I went out with them to stack some hay. All morning Bung and Donnivan worked silently together, side by side. At noon we sat down to lunch under the trees. It was Friday, and out of respect for Donnivan's religious principles I had included a can of salmon in the basket. He took the can, opened it, and dumped its entire contents on his plate. 'What fo'?' shouted Bung, who also liked fish. 'Now Bung, me b'y,' said Donnivan, 'I don't want to fight wid yez—I got me religion, and ye got yourn.'—'Oh, I sabbe—you Ilish!' said Bung sweetly. And the two were friends from that day on."

OUT back of the orchard Tommy Oliver walked laggingly toward "Bung's cottage." The sun was slanting just above the Coast Range now, and the living tapestry of mesquit, oak, and mountain laurel hung rich and splendid against Heaven's western wall. All those wild foothills, mellow with sun, gave a curious effect of antiquity. Out there there must be miraculous shapes of people among the foliage,—great, goat-limbed fellows, transplanted like the vineyards from the hills of Thessaly; subhuman godlings tipsy with summer and shouting "Io, Io!" to the god of the silver reeds.

From the lowly brown hut just ahead issued a high, nasal singsong in demisharps and semiflats, endless and illusive. Bung sat in front of his dwelling, alone on a fruit crate, praising the sunset—or maybe it was a Cantonese music hall ditty he was attacking:

Fi-ling-toy see-ya hi!
Washa-hing gee!
Washa-hing gee!

Or so it sounded. Three sticks of punk, stuck in a bean can, smoldered by the door. The old man was rolling cigarettes as he sang. Cornucopia-shaped abominations they were, wrapped in white letter paper and filled with a plug tobacco that smelled to the morning stars. He was very proud of his art in cigarettes. Evenings, after rice, he would roll two or three dozen of these monstrosities and stuff them into the pocket of his blouse, ammunition against the morrow's ills.

"Goo' evening, lil' boss!" he cried cheerfully. "You likee um cigalette?"

"No, thanks, Bung," said Tommy Oliver, seating himself on a stump. He had tried Bung's favorite brand once. The door of Bung's cottage was gaudy tonight. It was mottled with new strips of red paper bearing inscriptions in Chinese.

"You've got plenty of devil paper out today, Bung," observed the young man, approaching the big subject obliquely.

"Oh, yes—heap devil evelywhere today. Black devil, red devil, he no bother—Japanee devil worst kind."

Tommy paused and whittled a slat. "How long have you been working for us, Bung?"

"No sabe how many—maybe twenty-fi', maybe thulty, year. Say—how, no can tell."

"Not so much as that. Twenty years."

Bung looked up suddenly and fixed Tommy shrewdly with his single eye. "Mis' Tommy," he said, "wha' fo' you go fire me today?"

"Fire you! Who said we were going to fire you?"

"Oh, me sabbe plenty. Japanee boy come, China boy go—by-by plenty soon. Take too muchee punk stick drive away Japanee devil."

"Well, Bung," said Tommy, resolved to speak now or never, "you see it's just like this—"

"Wha' fo' you makee long talk, lil' boss? Me go." He attacked his task grimly, bending so low that his short, gray pigtail swung over his shoulder.

"You won't need to work any more," said the lad. "You must have saved quite a pile of cash in all these years."

"Me save cash?" Ah Lee Bung laughed once, "Ho!" Chinese fashion. "Tommy, you make joke talk poor ole Bung!"

"But twenty dollars a month for twenty years—"

"Me tellee you how was. Long time by-by, befo' me come here, me was pahtner to my cousin Lee Jim up Saclamento. Jim him velly bad boy, but nicee fliend to me. Jim he drink gin wine, smoke um hop, play fantan. All lite! But one time Jim learn how play Amelican polka game. Ay-yi! Polka he velly bad game.'"

"Don't you play poker too?" asked Tommy slyly.

"One time—no mo'," answered Bung gruffly. "My cousin Jim him get velly swell job. Highbinder boys make him cash man, Sam Yup Soci'ty."

"Treasurer, I guess you mean."

"Maybe so was. One time Jim make collection fo' thousan' dollah Sam Yup cash. That night he play polka game—too muchee jackpot—by-by cash! All gone! Polka game heap sinful gamble."

"You mean your cousin Jim lost the Sam Yup's money?"

"You sabbe plenty. Sam Yup gun man he plenty mad, make chase-chase. But cousin Jim he too smart—he skip away China plitty quick. Then Sam Yup gun man he come 'long catchee me. All Sam Yups hold prayer meeting. 'Lee Jim skip away—all lite, we got his cousin Bung!' says Plesident Sam Yup Soci'ty—him velly wise man. 'Shoot Bung!' say one boy. 'Fool talk! Bung go dead we no catchee fo' thousan' dollah just same,' say other boy. But Sam Yup plesident—him velly wise, stingy man, he say, 'Bung, you cousin owe money you no pay it, you die.'—'Me no got money—where I catchee?' me say to plesident. 'You go work, catchee long job. Each mont' you send fifteen dollah Sam Yup Soci'ty till all paid. You come back befo' then bang, you dead!' That happen twenty year go-by. Each mont' I send fifteen dollah Sam Yup Soci'ty till now I paid—look see!"

Ah Lee Bung showed an interminable row of Chinese figures written with a dull pencil on a board beside the door.

"I paid Sam Yup Soci'ty thulty-six hunder' dollah—I owe him fo' hunder' dollar—still must pay."

Tommy studied the twisted Chinese characters with bulging eyes.

"Jeree-roo-sha!" he exclaimed. "Of all the oriental nonsense! Why, Bung, you've practically sold yourself into slavery to pay off the debt of a crooked gambler!"

"He my cousin," said the old Chinese with dignity.

"And if you go back to any California city, I suppose—"

"I catchee shoot. Sam Yup got plenty gun man San Flancisco, Maryvilly—all big city. Poor Bung go there—bang!" He pointed his long forefinger, pistol fashion, with deadly aim. "I no can go back. Judge Olivah velly good keep me so long. I stay by him too much years. I no likee go anywhere now." His smooth cheeks began to wrinkle with misery.

"You must have friends in China," suggested Tommy.

"No mo'. One time me catchee wife back China, send heap cash to her, say 'Come San Flancisco plitty soon.' Bluebonny plague bloke out in China. She no come."

Ah Lee Bung gathered together his hoard

$659 an Acre from Tomatoes

Mr. S. C. Medley at Orange, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, raised 360 crates of tomatoes on a half acre patch. Gross sales $329.81, equivalent to $659 an acre. Crating, harvesting and expressage $115.51; net profit $214.30. Not bad for a half acre in three months' time when you can grow two or three more crops on the same land in one year.

Early vegetables from the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana are marketed when you and your neighbors are the only ones with anything to sell. You offer your crops, the big metropolitan centers jump at the chance to get them and pay well for the privilege. The handsomest, the biggest and most luscious fruits on the market come from the

Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana

Every month has its crops, its profits and gratifying surplus for the bank account. Every month is a joy—warm in winter, refreshing gulf breezes in summer. Every month is a money maker and a health builder.

Do not let the steady grind of office, factory or shop deprive you of your right to freedom from the fear of being superseded or superannuated in the employ of others. You can lead a life of freedom and happiness and be your own boss in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana.

Investigate: The trip down there, via the Frisco, is worth the little cost of going. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, round trip fares, via the Frisco Lines, to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana are very low. Chicago $37.50 or less. St. Louis and Kansas City $32.50 or less, Birmingham $37.50 or less, New Orleans and Baton Rouge $20 or less.

The Frisco Lines operate splendid, electric lighted, all steel trains, daily from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Birmingham and New Orleans. Every day of the year these trains carry through cars to the Gulf Coast Country, and on excursion days have through tourist sleepers.

Three Splendid Books FREE

FRISCO LINES

One on the mid-coast country of Texas, one on the lower irrigated sections of the Rio Grande Valley, and one on Louisiana. They show scenes in actual colors, and describe the country and crops giving personal statements by men who have gone there and made good. Write for your free copies today while you think of it.

A. HILTON, General Passenger Agent, Frisco Lines, 1524 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

No. X5—32½x20x44
Price, $31.00
direct or from dealer

DISEASE Wiped Out At Last!

Sanitation and Economy Now Summer and Winter!

No more spoiled food—ruined health! No more rubbing, scrubbing, *leaving* the most dangerous things of all—the *microbes*, millions of which breed in common refrigerators. And an end of *high prices*. All is *abolished*—ice bills reduced—every economical woman's dream at last realized in the

The Most Sanitary, Economical and Beautiful Refrigerator in the World

RHINELANDER ONE-PIECE XYNO STONE-LINED REFRIGERATOR

Positively unequaled in beauty, durability, ice saving, and in *ease* with which kept clean. **The refrigerator you've wanted and needed for years.**

Secret Lies in the Lining

The lining of the Rhinelander is made of one solid piece Xyno Stone—the greatest cold-holder known. With our wonderful ventilating system it insures DRY COLD—a temperature so *low* and so *free* from *moisture* that germ life *cannot exist*, as in nearly all other makes. Made by secret process of our own, this *lining*, of amazing strength and lightness, places Rhinelanders on the market at a price that has *staggered competition*.

Snow-white, non-porous, hard as flint. In this beautiful, round-cornered, ever-sanitary food receptacle there is neither hook, loop, crevice, niche, or any other shell-hanging device, such as found in most other makes. It is *unlike* all others, even *so-called everlasting* porcelain, for it can never chip, crack, check, nor discolor.

The only *germ-proof*, and because of its marvelous ice-saving ventilating system, the *most practical refrigerator* in existence.

Don't miss this opportunity. Go at once to your dealer! See this handsome, solidly built refrigerator as it stands. If he can't supply you, order direct. We allow freight within 500 miles—guarantee satisfaction. **Your money back any time within 30 days if you ask it.**

Send Coupon for Free Catalog

Describes 60 different styles—tells all the remarkably interesting things about the Xyno one-piece, stone-lined refrigerator—about the beauty and permanence of its construction and how, if you wish, you can see one in your own town without obligating yourself. Send coupon for catalog at once. (6)

Rhinelander Refrigerator Co.
202 Kemp Street, Rhinelander, Wis.

My dealer's name is.....

My name is.....

Address.....

Rhinelander Refrigerator Co., Wis.
202 Kemp St., Rhinelander, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send catalog of Rhinelander Refrigerator. How can I see one in my town without obligating myself.

Big New Catalogue of 5000 Bargains Free

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO

Send a postal or write a letter today, giving just your name and address, so we can send you by return mail, postpaid, this new, big, splendid catalogue of 5000 money saving bargains. This new book gives complete descriptions, illustrations and prices, and explains our easy payment plan, with 30 days' Free Examination Guarantee. Write today.

FREE (Postpaid)

Save 15% to 50% On House Furnishings

This is the largest, oldest and best known home furnishings concern in the world—57 years of success—22 Great stores—1,000,000 regular customers. Could greater proof of honest, fair and square dealing be desired? Our customers are our friends. We've proved ourselves to 1,000,000—can prove ourselves to you. Through our tremendous buying-power—taking entire factory outputs—at low prices and discounts—we can save you money on the best quality in the world. Send for our big new 500 Bargain Catalogue today. It gives you facts and figures with a guarantee of 15% to 50% saving on any article of furniture or house-furnishing. Don't neglect—Write postal card today.

Easiest, Fairest, Credit Plan Ever Offered

No interest—no extra charges—no red tape—nothing but a square, honest plan of allowing you rock-bottom, cash prices, with privilege of arranging payments to suit your individual convenience. Our multi-million dollar resources, buying power and trusting power enable us to offer you terms no ordinary concern could even dare to think of. Learn about this fair, square, honest method. Investigate it now.

30 Days' Free Examination Guarantee

Honesty has built our tremendous business. Every consumer must be satisfied—and more than satisfied. You can get absolutely anything you want from our immense stock on 30 days' free examination in your own home—your money back in full to the last penny without a word or question if you are not positively and thoroughly pleased. You are the judge—our guarantee is legally binding and absolute.

Here Are Six Regular Catalogue Bargains

B4517 Kitchen Cabinet

Madam! Stop kitchen drudgery—it wears one's life away. This Kitchen Cabinet makes kitchen work a pleasure and can be yours on the simplest credit terms. Made of hardwood, oak finish, is 60 inches high, 42 inches long, 26 inches wide, has roomy cabinet and 50-lb. capacity flour bins. Price **$7.60**

Terms, 50c Cash—50c Monthly

No. B4018 Dining Table

Solid Oak, Claw Foot, Dining Room Extension Table. Has 42-inch round top, broad rim, massive pedestal base, extends to 6 feet by easy running slides and is fitted with three extra leaves to match top. Worth fully $9 per cent more than our price. Price **$9.75**

Terms, $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

B6001 Genuine Coin Gold 100-Pc. Dinner Set

A most magnificent 100-piece Set of Dishes made of finest pure white under-glazed porcelain china, polished to a brilliant lustre and richly decorated with real coin gold. The Empire design is entirely new and fascinating. Sold in retail stores at 60 per cent more than we ask. Price **$9.95**

Terms, $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

No. B036 "Chesterfield" 9x12-ft. SEAMLESS BRUSSELS RUG

A magnificent, no-seam, Oriental design, richly colored, real Tapestry Brussels Rug with heavy, fine, all-wool facing; guaranteed by us and recommended by thousands who now use them. A better value than ever before offered. Shipped to you on 30 days free trial with money-back guarantee. Price **$12.75**

Terms, $1.00 Cash—$1.00 Monthly

B1036 Rocker Bargain

All the points which give perfect satisfaction are embodied in this elegant Rocker. It has a high, broad back, large, comfortable seat and is upholstered in famous "Imperial" leather (nearly like genuine leather). Seat contains "Monarch" steel spring construction frame is of highly finished American quarter-sawed oak and is uniquely carved. **$3.95**

Terms, 50c Cash—50c Monthly

B3013 Bed Springs and Mattress

Just as shown in illustration, in closed gold bronze or any color enamel, any width, continuous posts, 1-3-16 inch diameter. Mattress has roll felt top, durable ticking, best woven wire cotton web or spiral coil springs. Complete, only **$6.50**

Terms, $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
3924 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Established 1855—57 Years of Success

Largest, oldest and best known home furnishing concern in the world.
22 Great Stores—1,000,000 Customers

THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES
Incorporated

Issued every week co-operatively and simultaneously by and as a part of the

SUNDAY ISSUES OF THE

Chicago Record-Herald	Washington Star
St. Louis Republic	Minneapolis Journal
Pittsburgh Post	Rocky Mountain News
Philadelphia Press	Buffalo Courier
New-York Tribune	Detroit News-Tribune
Boston Post	Baltimore Sun

MORE THAN FOURTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES EACH WEEK

For Advertising Rates Apply to

The Associated Sunday Magazines
Incorporated
1 Madison Avenue, New York City
Record-Herald Building, Chicago

Make 100% Profit

by securing one of our "READY MADE FARMS" on the "Crop Payment Plan." 30 bushels Wheat; 100 bushels Oats; 150 bushels Potatoes per acre. You need not live on the land; we farm it on shares; let your part of the crop make payments on the same. 1,000,000 AMERICANS, about 2,000,000 people from ENGLAND have participated in the immense fortunes made in Western Canada since 1902. A large permanent income is assured; the safety of the investment is absolute. Only a few additional contracts under this year's business can be accepted. Rich alluvial soil—not a tree or stump—all under cultivation at the price of raw unbroken prairie land. Plowing begins middle of April; steam plows and gasoline tractors used exclusively. Write for full particulars. CANADIAN FARM DEVELOPMENT CO., 41 Scott Bldg., Winnipeg, Manitoba

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; Corbin Coaster-Brake; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. **A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.**

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U. S., *without a cent in advance*. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer*. *Write it now.*

A postal brings everything.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries *half usual prices*.

Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-191, CHICAGO

Plenty of Rich Hair?

Hall's Hair Renewer renews the hair, restores to freshness, gives new life. Greatly promotes growth of hair. Does not change the color. Absolutely free from danger. Ingredients on each label. Ask your doctor about using it. He knows best.

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

of cigarettes and began tucking them into his blouse.

"What became of your wife?" asked the lad softly.

"She fool—she die!" said Bung earnestly, a tear trickling down from his single eye.

He rose and disappeared for a moment into his little den. He came out suddenly and dropped a sackful of jingling coin into Tommy's lap.

"You tell Judge Olivah I no bothah him too muchee any mo'," he said.

"But what's this money?" asked Tommy, confused.

"Fi' hundre' dollah I take away from Japanee boy. Velly solly—polka game heap sinful gamble."

"But Bung, we can't treat you that way. The Yups may get you as soon as you leave this place. We'll keep you somehow. We'll—"

"Judge Olivah say Bung go! All lite. Bung go!"

"But it isn't the Judge who wants you to go. It's those confounded Japs! We'll fire the whole lot!"

"Ah, lil' boss—too muchee talk all time," said Bung with a melancholy smile as he closed the door and locked it on the inside.

WHEN Tommy strolled moodily up the ranch he dropped the sack of money into the midst of his family who were waiting on the porch, an embarrassed group.

"Is he—is he going?" asked Mrs. Oliver in a whisper.

"Hanged if I know!" blurted the boy as he threw himself upon the comfort of a wicker chair and held the San José paper screenlike before his face.

For several minutes the rest of the family sat gazing into the poppied sunset saying nothing.

A tall, stooped man in a blue pajama-like suit, a wisp of gray pigtail hanging below his battered straw hat, passed slowly down the road. There was a wooden movement about his legs. He was not the spry Chinaman who had scrambled with comic agility up and down the ladders a dozen, a half-dozen, seasons ago. The small bundle of possessions he clutched wrapped in a pink handkerchief over his shoulder, added to the peasant pathos of his attitude. He plodded stoically round the bend, kicking dust as he walked.

One of the Oliver girls rose quietly and went in the house.

"Poor old dog!" groaned Tommy, suddenly plunging the paper to earth, a twisted wreck.

"He was like a dog," said Mrs. Oliver softly. "Always at the kitchen door—none of the family jokes ever got past old Bung. Benjamin, do you remember when Tommy first went to school and—"

"I think we've had enough reminiscences for one evening!" said the Judge sharply.

Silence.

"The poor little bundle he carried—so small and faded! I believe it's the very same one he had the first time he came down the road." Mrs. Oliver wiped her eyes.

The eldest girl laid aside her novel. "Walking away alone, into the sunset. It's like the end of a story," she said.

Silence.

"Mother, I think I'll hitch up Bally and drive over to the store, said the Judge, clearing his throat and rising evasively.

BEHIND the lively pinto Judge Oliver caught up with Bung just as the latter was turning from the main gate into the county road.

"Hey, Bung! Where are you going at this time of night?"

"I quit! Goo'by!" shouted the Chinaman, looking the other way.

"What do you mean by quitting without my orders? Jump up into the buckboard, you old pirate!"

"Me pilot? Ah, no! Me velly sad ole China boy!" said the yellow patriarch; but without further protest he scrambled into the seat beside the god of his destiny whom he called Boss. The horse headed homeward, and the two men, equal in age, equal in experience, leaned for a moment across the gulf of race and spoke of many different things.

As they passed the vine covered fence by the Japanese quarters, fifty-one heads popped up simultaneously as though released by a common spring.

"Please, please, I require to notify you something!" piped the protesting voice of Mr. Jiro Uremoto through the gathering dusk.

"You Japs can either go to bed or to Hades!" upspoke the Judge in ringing tones. And by the sudden hush that settled over the hosts of Nippon it was easy to infer that the Samurai had chosen the lesser of two evils.

Play the Piano In One Hour

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even A Child Can Use.

FREE TRIAL

She Doesn't Know One Note From Another, But Plays Like a Music Master.

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write, saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in Associated Sunday Magazines.

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you **Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay.** You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50 and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 2757 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

$1.95 EACH

Send No Money

I TRUST YOU 10 DAYS

Write today for this handsome 16-inch beautifully curled French Ostrich Feather, black or white only. If you find it a big bargain remit $1.95, or sell 5 feathers and get your own Free. Enclose 6c postage.

ALSO BIG BARGAINS IN WILLOW PLUMES made of carefully selected stock, and at one-third the regular price

18-inch, $5.00. 20-inch, $7.50. 22-inch, $10. Because of this low price, cash must accompany each order for Willow Plumes, but money refunded promptly if not as represented. I will make your old Ostrich feathers no matter how worn, into a beautiful Willow Plume. Write for particulars and catalogue of high grade feathers and hair goods.

ANNA AYERS, Dept. 347, 21 Quincy Street, Chicago

Old Style **LAME PEOPLE** New Style

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. **HENRY D. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, New York City**

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

The largest number of *successful* clients is our *proof* of

Patents that PROTECT

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 5c stamps for our new 128 page book of intense interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 44, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for FREE SEARCH. Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted **FREE**

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 622 F St., WASHINGTON, D.C.

PATENTS

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Attys. Established 50 Years. 616 F St. Washington, D. C. Full information and Booklet FREE.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT. It may be valuable. Write me. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Estab. 1882. "Inventor's Guide" FREE. Franklin H. Hough. 524 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS WANTED $7.75 paid for the rare 1853 quarter without arrows; $50.00 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1890, and send 10c. at once for new Coin Value Book. It may mean a fortune.

A. H. KRAUS, 355 Kraus Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

A CAPTAIN UNAFRAID

Continued from page 6

cases would be transferred to New York for trial. That was satisfactory to us, and we furnished bail.

Our trial came on in the following July. Good old Judge Brown, who would have been a noble filibuster if he had not been a great jurist, again defined the difference between "an armed, organized expedition and one that simply carried arms."

Horatio Rubens, in our defense, argued that as the men and arms had been taken on board and put ashore separately they had no relation to each other, so far as had been established by the evidence, and he contended that at the most we were guilty only of smuggling arms into Cuba, an offense with which an American court had nothing to do. He pleaded so eloquently that the jury disagreed: it was said to have stood eight to four for conviction.

We never were tried again; but the indictment was held over our heads to annoy us until sometime after the opening of the Spanish-American War, when it was dismissed, along with a lot of others, by order of Attorney General Griggs.

THE trial of Captain Brabazon, which came up at about the same time as our own and in which all of us were interested, illustrated the rare genius of Horatio Rubens. Captain Brabazon had preceded me in command of the Bermuda, and had been arrested for trying to get out of New York with the Garcia expedition. He was prosecuted by Assistant District Attorney Hinman, who had him dead to rights. In presenting the Government's case Mr. Hinman established all the facts connected with the attempted departure of the expedition, the seizure of the arms, and the arrest of Captain Brabazon, along with General Garcia and his companions, all of whom had forfeited their bail.

This was all expected; but a good sized charge of dynamite was exploded in the camp of the defense when a Secret Service agent testified that Captain Brabazon had confessed, when somewhat under the influence of liquor, that he knew he was in command of a filibustering expedition, and that his confession had been reduced to writing and sworn to. This was the first intimation Rubens had that the Captain had made a confession; for he had been ashamed to admit it.

Though taken completely by surprise, Rubens saw his way out of the muddle. In ways of which he was a master, but without making any definite statements, he conveyed to the Judge and jury the idea that at the proper time he would attack the authenticity of the alleged confession. Hinman got the same impression, and made the fortunate mistake of not putting the confession in evidence. From what had been said he figured that the Captain would go on the stand and deny that he had made any confession, whereupon he expected to tear the defense to pieces. Rubens encouraged this belief by stating to the Judge in open court, in response to a question from Hinman, which that gentleman considered adroit, that the defense would not take up more than half a day.

When the Government closed its case, Rubens set off a bomb himself by announcing that he would present no defense, the inference being that the evidence introduced by the prosecution was so weak that he did not consider it necessary to combat it. This altogether unexpected move left Hinman with a useless confession on his hands; for, under the rules of legal procedure, there was then no way of getting it into the record.

Rubens made the opening argument to the jury. He denied that there had been any confession. "It is foolish to suppose," he said, with a courtly bow in the direction of Hinman, "that so able a lawyer as the Assistant District Attorney would have neglected to introduce such a damaging piece of evidence, if it had been available."

Hinman sneered audibly at this thrust, and tossed the Captain's signed confession across the table to Rubens, in a theatrical manner calculated to impress the jury. Rubens glanced through the document, and saw that the Captain had told enough to send all the defendants to the penitentiary.

Without the quiver of an eyelash he threw his head back and roared, "There is nothing in this!" referring probably to the method that had been employed rather than to the confession, though the jury got the meaning he wished to convey. "I ask the court to direct the jury to disregard this whole incident, except for the fact that the Assistant District Attorney has acted improperly."

This instruction was promptly given by the Judge, who was plainly annoyed by Hinman's tactics. The Judge did not know whether there had been a confession or not. His attitude indicated the belief that, if there was such a confession as had been testified to, it was very strange that Hinman had not introduced it when he was presenting the Government's case.

Rubens retained possession of the confession throughout his argument, and frequently waved it before the jury, as though he wished above all things that he could show it to them and let them see for themselves, as he inferentially had seen, that there was nothing in it that reflected on the defendant. He could have said all he had to say in half an hour; but he injected an eloquent speech on Cuban liberty, simply to take up enough time so that Hinman would not have an opportunity to reply to his argument until after lunch.

During the noon recess Captain Brabazon was taken in hand. He was told that in his argument the Assistant District Attorney would allege that he had made a confession and that when this statement was made he must rise to his feet in righteous indignation and pronounce it wholly false. He was repeatedly instructed to be very dignified, but also very earnest. He learned his lesson perfectly; but as soon as he could get away from his instructors he proceeded to take considerable red liquor abroad. He wanted to make a success of his part of the performance, and besides he was filled with remorse.

When Hinman reached Brabazon in his closing argument he turned slowly round and faced him, drew himself up to his full height, and dramatically declared, "He did confess!"

In an instant the Captain was on his feet and shaking his fist at Hinman. With his eyes blazing and his whole manner portraying outraged innocence, he shouted in a voice that could have been heard the full length of a full rigged ship in any gale that ever blew, "You're a blankety blanked, double blanked liar, you red headed—"

Rubens was horrified. He was unprepared for such a torrent of denial and denunciation, and there was no mistaking his surprise. He pushed Brabazon, who was really fighting mad, into a chair and held him there until he had quieted down, at the same time admonishing and abusing him in a suppressed voice, though it was not sufficiently suppressed that it failed to reach the Judge. Then he turned to the court and fervently apologized for the Captain's inexcusable outburst of virtuous indignation. He fully expected the Captain would be sent to jail for contempt of court; but the Judge seemed impressed by his earnestness and let him off with a lecture.

There was not much to the case after that. Hinman was so taken aback that he cut his argument short, being careful to avoid any further reference to the doughty Captain, and it took the jury only a few minutes to return a verdict of acquittal.

So does justice sometimes triumph over the law. In the exciting years that followed Mr. Rubens fought, and won, many hard cases; but never one that was attended by such startling surprises on both sides.

To be continued next Sunday

SALAAM KURO

THE following is an instance of an elephant's good manners and of the tenacity with which an idea once received by him adheres in his memory.

When visiting the London Zoo, an Englishman who had seen service in India got permission for his children to ride on one of the elephants. After the ride he wished to give the beast a bun and to make him say "Please," using, in this connection, the phrase "*Salaam kuro*" (make a salaam).

The animal regarded the man gravely for sometime, eagerly eying the bun in his hand. At last memory came to the pachyderm's aid, and up went his trunk, and he made a most correct salaam.

The beast's keeper was much surprised, asking what the performance meant. The Britisher explained that it was a point of good manners for an elephant to raise his trunk up to his forehead if anyone was going to feed him, and that frequently elephants would ask in this polite manner for something when they encountered anyone who seemed likely to offer them food.

The keeper assured the visitor that he had never seen the elephant do this before, and that he had been in charge of the beast since it arrived from India a long time since. For seventeen years this animal had never heard these words, and had always taken his food without this mark of good manners.

right here in Hillsboro County, heart of the famous Florida Grapefruit Belt.

The day is coming when you'll wake up to your **right** to live like a prince on one of these choice fruit and truck farms—within easy walking distance of swiftly growing Tampa, metropolis of the Florida Gulf Coast.

The whole purpose of this ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES announcement is to help you realize how swiftly this wonderful tract is melting away. The surveyors are now at work on our new tract—now's the time to get the **best location.** The more you study conditions in this garden spot of America the better it will look to you—**but reserve your farm now and investigate later.**

Stop and think how living conditions in this thriving suburb of Tampa compare with the life you're living now: contrast the health, the comfort, the profit, the **freedom!** Picture yourself and your family working and playing under southern skies every day in the year, drinking in the spicy breezes of the Gulf and living like princes on the fat of the land.

For $1 an acre per month, if you reserve it without delay, you can secure one of the very choicest farms in this whole celebrated district. That's only 3⅓ cents a day—less than a single carfare in the shivering North!

Climate, soil, water, schools, transportation—Hillsboro County meets all such requirements to a remarkable degree. Here you will find yourself among ambitious, happy citizens who appreciate the joys and beauty of Florida's outdoor life as well as its financial profits.

U. S. Government reports give Hillsboro County an annual production of over $680,000 per year in Grapefruit alone. The great variety of fruits, vegetables and farm produce you can raise here will astonish you.

Transportation that can't be beat. Eight Railroad Stations already on our tract, three important railroads crossing it. Daily free mail delivery—life in this neighborhood is practically a ***suburban proposition at country prices.***

Tampa's hungry markets at your door. You know this part of Florida is a great winter resort, and right in Tampa you'll find a famous hotel that cost the city over $3,000,000. You need never trouble to ship your fruit, vegetables and poultry to Northern markets, though if you wish to do so you'll be able to beat shipments from other districts into New York and Chicago by two weeks or more.

Not one crop per year, but several—as fast as one crop is pulled, another is planted. Ten acres here go as far as fifty or sixty in the North. You'll want our big Free Book on Florida; it's full of valuable information as to which crops are most profitable, best dates for planting, and average crop per acre. Send the Free Florida Book Coupon for it today.

Why not combine a winter hunting and fishing trip with your investigation of the farm we'll set aside for you? As a Sportsman's Paradise, Hillsboro County is nationally famous, and besides giving you the vacation of a lifetime, the trip may change your whole future. Don't you think you've earned the right to lift your nose off the grindstone for awhile, and point it down the happy hunting trails of smiling Florida?

Florida is mighty easy to get to nowadays—the North Tampa tract is only about forty hours from New York and forty-four hours from Chicago. The trip won't cost you much, either in time or money. Can you afford to delay your decision?

These letters from your future neighbors tell the story. When we send you our free Florida Book we'll enclose full copies, if you like, so you can get the benefit of their experience. Then, if you wish, we can give you the addresses of hundreds of happy purchasers, many of whom have already moved to their new North Tampa homes.

Here's one letter, unsolicited, from a settler on our North Tampa tract:

Stemper, Florida, January 6, 1912.

I have been here now for eight months and am well pleased with the location—only wish there was more land near which I could get, for I can see no reason why this land is not a first-class investment. I have been here long enough to know that one can get big returns from this land if they are willing to work for it. I would not exchange my land here for any I have seen.

Wishing you success, I remain, Yours respectfully,

J. W. BAKER.

Listen to what the Mayor of Tampa writes:

I consider the property of the North Tampa Land Company to be worth all they are asking for it, and I also consider it adapted to growing grapefruit, oranges, etc. It is conveniently near Tampa, is dry and healthy. I have recently purchased some land in the same section myself.

And here's the judgment of a Railroad President, the head of the Tampa and Gulf Coast Railway, regarding our land:

In buying this large tract the North Tampa Land Company has, in my opinion, acquired the very best lands in South Florida. Located so very near to Tampa itself, these are beyond doubt the best properties now being offered to settlers. I know of no lands so splendidly adapted to growing grapefruit, oranges and all kinds of citrus fruits. I feel this section of all the country, with its excellent transportation, its good roads and nearness to the city, will popularize itself rapidly. Both my railroad and my mill company will extend the North Tampa Land Company every facility at our command.

"My extensive Florida trip and my investigation of the forty acres purchased from you," writes Mr. L. F. Meyers, of 1914 Winchester Avenue, Chicago, "convince me your tract is the very best it's possible to buy. I'm more than pleased."

"Merchandise right here in our general store," writes Dr. W. E. Hood, of Stemper, Fla. (one of our thriving towns), "is cheaper than in the North. My new cottage is half completed. This place looks very promising."

But you'll want to read the whole of these letters. To a land-hungry, home-hunting man, they're as full of help and encouragement as a Florida grapefruit is of juice.

There's a farm waiting for YOU in Florida today—by acting NOW you may get the benefit of the following

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

a 50-Foot Residence Lot in Citrus Park, the Beautiful New Townsite Just Northwest of the City of Tampa.

We have set aside 100 choice residence lots in Citrus Park, just northwest of Tampa, for the first 100 readers of THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES who *mail* us their reservations for Hillsboro County farms of 10 acres or over.

No matter how far you live from Chicago, if you act now, before you lay this magazine aside, you stand an excellent chance of getting one of these choice Lots Free: in awarding them we will be governed by the **postmark date of your letter.**

HOW TO GET ONE OF THESE CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS FREE. Fill out this Special Reservation Blank, enclose $1 for every acre you wish set aside for you, and mail at once. **Your money back if you want it.** We give you plenty of time to investigate the property in your own way—all we ask is that you act quickly if you wish one of these residence lots free of all cost. The terms we offer you are a striking evidence of our policy of satisfying every buyer through and through.

FREE TOWN LOT COUPON (Special Reservation Blank)

Town Lot FREE with Each Purchase of Ten Acres or more

A. S. M.

To the NORTH TAMPA LAND CO., 1128 Commercial National Bank Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Enclosed please find $..... for which please reserve for me.....acres of your choicest land at $35 per acre, for which I agree to pay at the rate of $1.00 per acre per month until paid. I am to receive FREE a 50-foot residence lot in the Town Site of Citrus Park.

You are to give me a period of sixty days in which to investigate this property, with the understanding that should it prove unsatisfactory I may have the privilege of applying this payment on any unsold tract owned by you, or if I prefer, after examination, upon written demand within the above specified period, receive the return of the above amount in full.

NAME..... DATE.....

ADDRESS.....

Make checks, money orders or bank drafts payable to NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.

(Use the money-back coupon to get our literature, but use this special application blank if you wish to secure a FREE 50-foot front lot in Citrus Park.)

Send the small right-hand coupon for our literature, but make a point of filling out and mailing us TODAY the Special Reservation Blank if you wish to secure a FREE 50-foot residence lot in beautiful Citrus Park.

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.

Dept. B, 1128 Commercial National Bank Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. S. M.

FREE FLORIDA BOOK COUPON

NORTH TAMPA LAND COMPANY, 1128 Commercial National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send us FREE your most interesting book about FLORIDA LAND.

Name.....

Town..... State..... St. No.....

"Ah, There's Sweetness, Madam"

A single whiff tempts your appetite. Taste it and your favorable impressions are more than confirmed. Buying Meadow-Gold Butter is buying butter satisfaction. Sweet, pure, wholesome, delicious. There is a flavor and genuine goodness about it that you do not get in ordinary butter. Made only from pure, rich, pasteurized cream. Three times covered with air-tight, odor-proof wrappings and sent from our model creameries to your table

Always in the Patented Sealed Package

Dealers as well as consumers find Meadow-Gold the satisfactory butter. Trade increases because Meadow-Gold always pleases. Address nearest distributing house.

MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

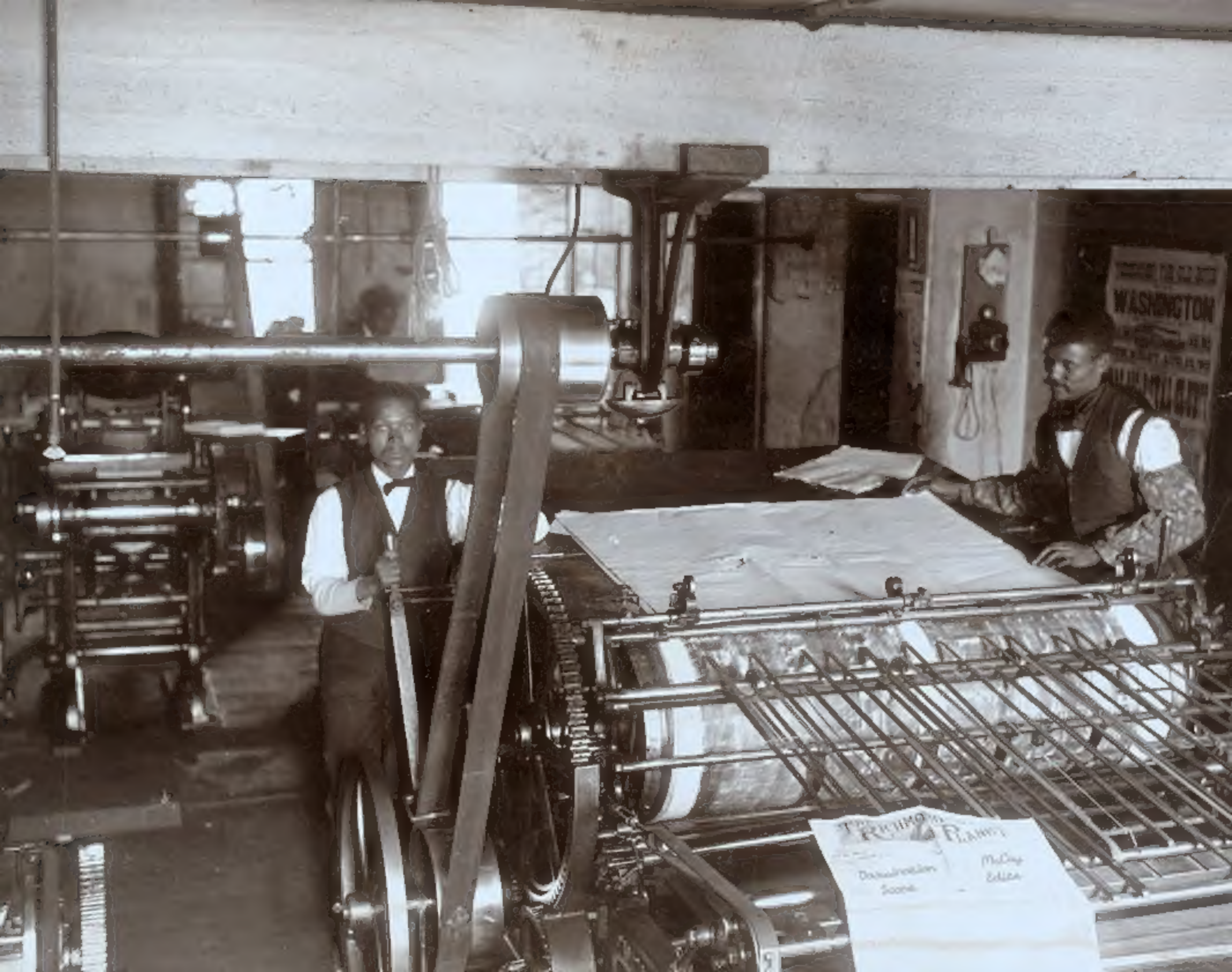
The Fox River Butter Company

Albany	Baltimore	Chicago	Jacksonville	New York	Richmond	Scranton
Atlanta	Birmingham	Charleston	Memphis	Norfolk	Rochester	Syracuse
Augusta	Boston	Cincinnati	Newark	Philadelphia	St. Louis	Tampa
Aurora	Buffalo	Cleveland	New Orleans	Pittsburgh	Savannah	Washington

The Continental Creamery Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Pueblo, Colo.
Topeka, Kans.

The Littleton Creamery Company
Denver, Colorado

Beatrice Creamery Company
Des Moines, Ia.
Dubuque, Ia.
Lincoln, Neb.


WASHINGTON